

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol VII No. 23.

J. J. BURKE.
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, February 1, 1894.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going North	Arr. at Antioch	Going South	Arr. at Chicago
No. 1, 10:40 P.M.	12:15 A.M.	No. 2, 5:00 A.M.	7:15 A.M.
No. 7, 8:30 A.M.	10:11 A.M.	No. 3, 7:30 P.M.	9:35 P.M.
No. 9, 9:15 P.M.	11:18 P.M.	No. 10, 7:50 A.M.	11:35 A.M.

Reference marks: * stop on signal. † daily. ‡ daily except Sunday. § daily except Sunday and Monday.

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR.

Antioch Home News.

Charles H. Barber took in Chicago Thursday last.

C. H. Gilbert has been spending a few days in Wisconsin.

About two inches of snow fell in this locality Sunday night.

Little Dan Williams paid a visit to his relatives here last week. Dan is quite a stranger here but looks as natural as ever.

Miss Hattie Ames is again in Williams Bros. store and is as willing and capable as ever to attend to the wants of the customers.

The Antioch schools are making arrangements to give an entertainment February 22nd at the school house. Further particulars will be given later.

It is reported that smallpox has reached Waukegan, Libertyville and Wauconda. The papers published in those towns deny the existence of the disease and they are quite as reliable as is a report which has been passed from mouth to mouth over a distance of sixteen miles of hilly country.

We have several inquiries for farm, acre and residence property and if you have anything to sell in this line list it with us. No charges are made until a sale is effected and a small commission is all we then ask. We have numerous applications for loans and can place your money out on good security. Call in and see us if you have money to loan or wish to borrow. J. J. Burke, real-estate and loans. 3w

On Tuesday evening a party of friends surprised Miss Belle Drury. It was in honor of her eighteenth birthday and Miss Drury was not a little astonished when the young people walked in. The party first assembled at the home of Miss Donna Didama and from there proceeded to the home of Miss Drury on Quality street. There was a merry round of applause and kindly greetings when Miss Drury appeared.

Mrs. Mary Ann Norton, an aged resident of this village, died Saturday morning. Mrs. Norton has been very feeble for several weeks and her death was not unexpected. She was living alone and about two weeks ago some of the neighbors went to the house and found her helpless and nearly frozen. She has been failing rapidly since and Saturday morning passed away. She was a pensioner from the war of 1812. The funeral took place Sunday and her remains were laid to rest in the Antioch cemetery.

"Tuesday, January 23, there was a match race at the Driving Park, between Peter McDermott's chestnut filly Mollie, 3 years old, by Chester Chief, and O. E. Kelley's (of Antioch) bay filly, Retta, 2 years old, by Governor Videll. Retta won both heats easily and the stakes went to Mr. Dietmeyer, who drove her. Mr. Dietmeyer received the stakes very gracefully, which was extraordinary, considering this is the first stake money he has won since the racing events of the Waukegan track have been reported. He was loud in his praises of his defeated opponent and stated that she went a game race and would have won if she had not been so far out-classed. A trotting race in a snow storm, with several inches of snow on the track, is something new for this part of the country, barring Roby."—Waukegan Register.

Miss Maud Simons is on the sick list.

Rev. Abel will preach a special sermon for the children next Sunday morning.

H. L. Watson is quite ill at his home near Millburn. We regret to learn that the doctors have grave doubts of his permanent recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilton rejoice over the advent of a daughter, born last Saturday night. For a few days doubts were entertained as to Mrs. Wilton's recovery but at present writing she is some better.

Editor Coykendall, of the Wauconda Leader, states for the benefit of his readers that he had the pleasure of assisting the ladies of the relief choir, quilt a quilt. With attending to his editorial duties, talking railroad and taking in quilting bees, Editor Coykendall must be kept pretty busy.

The annual meeting of the Lake County Agricultural Society will be held at Libertyville, Wednesday, February 7, 1894, at 1:30 p. m., for the election of officers and to transact any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

JAMES T. MANN, Pres.
O. E. CHURCHILL, Sec.

Those of Antioch who attended the concert at Gray's Lake, Friday evening, were well satisfied with what they heard and saw. Mr. Spafford has been very successful with his class and the solos and songs rendered were beyond the expectations of many. Miss Davis of Libertyville, failed to be present and Miss Smith of Ivanhoe was also conspicuous for her absence. The Spafford quartette received the major part of the applause, although all were freely applauded.

Miss Carrie Chard, our popular vocal teacher, is fast taking her place as one of the leading vocalists of Chicago. She sang to the delight of a large audience at the People's Institute on Thursday and is to appear as soloist with the Arion Lady Quartette on the 9th at Fullerton Ave. Presbyterian church, where she is now singing. She is at Antioch Wednesday of each week and those interested in voice culture should not miss the opportunity of taking instructions from her.

We regret to learn that George Thayer, of Millburn, who has been very ill for the past two months, died at his home on Friday last. The disease, which appeared to have its origin in the brain, was treated by the best local medical talent and also by medical experts of Chicago, the latter giving it as their opinion that an operation would be necessary to save his life. Acting under the advice of the experts his friends consented to an operation being performed, which was made last Thursday, removing a part of the skull bone over the brain pan, when it was found according to report, that the theory of the expert was not correct, he, prior to the operation, expressing an opinion that the trouble was caused by a ruptured blood vessel in the head, but upon examination this was found to be incorrect. Mr. Thayer never fully returned to consciousness after the operation and passed away about noon on Friday last. The News extends sympathy to the sorrowing friends.

Mrs. H. Messing spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hucker, last week.

Mrs. Walter Taylor has been on the sick list for the past week, but at present writing is improving.

On Loon Lake the ice is said to be nearly eight inches thick, while on Camp Lake it is only about five. Only the other day a team broke through the ice at Camp Lake.

J. J. Morley represented Antioch's sporting element at the Corbett-Mitchell fight. John will return during the latter part of the week with full particulars of the contest.

If you would spend a leisure hour with profit and enjoyment, read Preserved Wheeler's Chicago Stories, "From Side Streets and Boulevards." For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Congregational Publishing Co., and Brentano, Chicago. Price, post paid, one dollar.

The convention at Gray's Lake was in every particular a grand and complete success. All due credit is given to those who so ably assisted in the carrying out of the program from Millburn, Lake Villa and this city. Much praise is given the conductor, Mr. S. M. Spafford, for his very able and thorough method of teaching. There were quite a number who attended Mr. Spafford's convention, who pronounced his method of instruction equal if not superior to all others that have been held in this or McHenry county.

There will be a grand musical convention under the leadership of Prof. S. W. Straub, the well known convention leader of Chicago, assisted by Prof. Toase of Union Grove, Wis., Prof. J. G. Mitchell, of Somers, Wis., and Prof. S. M. Spafford of Antioch, Ill., commencing Monday evening, Feb. 5th, and closing with a grand concert at the opera house, Friday evening, January 9th. Admission to convention \$1.00. Visiting friends will be entertained free while attending the convention. For further information call on or address JOSEPH KELLY, S. M. SPAFFORD, Committee.

A few years ago when it was decided to build an opera house in Antioch, nearly everybody was jubilant over the prospect of many evenings of pleasure which they would enjoy before the foot lights. One would have judged from the enthusiasm with which the idea was received, that nothing short of a good play every evening and a matinee every other afternoon would satisfy the theatre going people. The outlook was that the money invested in the opera house would be a No. 1 investment. Some met the idea with such favor that they advised a large auditorium to accommodate the vast multitude which would gather to witness the performances that might appear on the stage. The building was erected in the finest style and today there is no opera house in the county which compares with it. There is no fault to be found with the arrangements and accommodations tendered those who attended the entertainments which have from time to time been given there. With but one exception no company has as yet made their expenses while here. During this winter we have not been over-run with showmen. In fact there have not been any entertainments given here to break the monotony of the every day run of affairs. Now when a good company does come, who are classed among the best of those who come to places of this size, they receive no patronage. The town soon gets a reputation among traveling showmen and they give it a wide berth. If the people want to be entertained by actors and actresses with reputations, they must patronize those that come.

We hear that Captain C. A. Partridge is in the field for the nomination from the seventh congressional district.

The numerous friends of Bob Wilson were pleased to see him once more directing the dancers at the opera house Friday evening last. Bob is one of the old timers and used to play the violin when we were considerable younger and at the dance Friday evening we took part in one quadrille—we could not help it—as the music carried us back to the days of "auld lang syne," when we were a boy. In this respect we were not the only one, as we noticed Corporal Coon and other old timers nimbly tripping the light fantastic, as gay and happy as in the days of old.

The revival meetings at the M. E. church closed Saturday evening. The services have been continued from week to week for the past five weeks. Many have united themselves with the church during that time and the children have also been brought to Christ by the eloquent words of the pastor. It is with deep feelings of regret that the meeting are closed with so many traveling down the paths of sin and others standing at the fork in the roads trying to decide which way to take, whether to go the one that leads through fields of christian light and life or the one which passes over the rocky and barren fields of vice and sin.

The Lecture by Rev. Father Bruton at the Wilton Opera House.

A large and appreciative audience listened to the lecture of Rev. Father Bruton at the Wilton opera house Friday evening, on the subject "The Catholic Church in the United States." The Reverend prelate, in a masterly and scholarly discourse of about an hour and a quarter, held the attention of the large audience and clearly established the position of the Catholic church in regard to its attitude on civil and religious questions before the people. In the course of his remarks Rev. Bruton clearly defined the position of the Catholic church on civil and economic questions and stated that during the entire period of his priesthood, over twenty-five years, no pope, bishop, or other ecclesiastical authority had ever assumed to control his political or social acts or even intimated to him any desire on their part to speak authoritatively on any subject other than the spiritual well-being of the church as a body.

The lecture throughout was a clear and logical statement of facts and will certainly dispel some of the erroneous ideas entertained by many non-Catholics in regard to the temporal teachings of the church at least. In concluding his remarks Rev. Bruton said that two of the greatest enemies of our country were intemperance and bigotry and expressed himself as ready at any time to give our people a lecture on intemperance, the proceeds to be devoted to any charitable object.

At the close of the lecture the Wilson band discoursed music for a merry crowd of dancers, who fully enjoyed the occasion as only young people can. The supper served by the ladies of the Bristol congregation was a bountiful spread and wonder was expressed by many as how it was possible to give so much excellent food for twenty-five cents and make anything out of the transaction. The proceeds will net the society nearly \$100, which was very good considering the unfavorable condition of the roads.

At some future time we hope to have the pleasure of listening to Rev. Father Bruton on the subject of Intemperance and believe he would be greeted by an audience much larger than on the above occasion.

CLEARING SALES.

In order to reduce stock as much as possible before invoicing, we will offer many desirable goods at extremely low prices, also many odds and ends, remnants etc., at prices to close them out before February 1st.

This sale will include goods in every line we handle. We have taken a good deal of pains to have this sale as interesting as we can make it, and prices low enough to induce all to buy freely of the many things you can save money on at this time. 10 per-cent discount on Clothing and all odd suits.

Coats, pants and vests will be sold at extreme low prices to close out in a hurry. Ladies' Wraps and Jackets, Misses Cloaks and Jackets and Boys' Overcoats, you can buy for what the material in them is worth, and some for even less.

We have the largest line of remnants we have ever had at one time, and at the lowest prices. If you are ever going to need a fine Shawl, now is the time to buy it. We have marked our Bed Blankets at prices that will induce customers to buy for next winter. Men's heavy Slippers 50 cents per pair, former price \$1.00 and \$1.25. Childrens Goodyear Overshoes 50c. per pair. A line of Mens red underwear at 35c. a garment. 100 piece decorated dinner sets for \$7.00. This is the cheapest and most desirable offer we ever made in the Crockery line. Everything we have in the Hardware line will be sold very cheap; tinware and all kinds of house-furnishing goods, also a fine line of cutlery—all must be closed out before February 1st. Low prices will do it. We have bought 25 dozen of the best quality of brooms—four sewed—at less than cost to manufacture; we will sell them at 18c. two for 35c., not more than two to a customer.

To those who come early we will have some special good bargains for, so that their friends who see them will come also. Yours For Trade,

C. O. Foltz & Co., Antioch, Ills.

Official.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific and Great Northern, run the only line from Pacific Coast points, over which both Pullman vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or J. A. C. POSE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.



is stamped in the best watch cases made. It is the trade mark of the *Keystone Watch Case Company*, of Philadelphia, the oldest, largest and best-known factory in the world—1500 employees, capacity 2000 cases daily. Its products are sold by all jewelers. It makes the celebrated *Fas. Boss Filled Watch Cases*, now fitted with the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled off the case—the

Non-pull-out
A WATCH CASE OPENER SENT FREE.

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They will read a notice in a show window perhaps, if they see it.
They will read a way side sign likely, if they pass it and it strikes their eye.
They will read a circular may be, if it gets into their mail and they get it.
They will read

The Antioch News

certainly, for that is what they take it for.
In other words while they may read the others because they have to, they all read the News because they wish to.
A man's interest is usually considered of great advantage when you are about to bring any matter to his attention.
In no other kind of advertising can this be so assured as in the use of the News which he likes to read.
We invite intending advertisers to consider this point, and to consult us.

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ANTIOCH, ILL.

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Whips, Robes and Blankets.

I handle a line of the very best Machine made goods and sell the same

AT **BED ROCK PRICES.**

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Call in and let me quote you prices on

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Alarm Clock? If not come in and let me show you a nice line of them at **39 Cents** They are cheap at \$1.50.

I have a splendid line of New Silverware that I am going to sell you **Cheap.**

GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES.

PROMPT ATTENTION.

Chas. H. Barber, JEWELER.



BY CHARLES BARNARD.
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[CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.]

"Thanks, madame. I shall be so honored. You tell me your son has been in Paris. I shall be glad to discuss with him the life in la belle Paris."

The young man managed to keep his wife about him, and, while not daring to trust himself to speak, escorted Mademoiselle to the door. The judge eyed him sharply as they came out on the piazza, and the young man turned his face away. Mademoiselle was profuse in her parting politeness, and then said calmly to the young man:

"You are very kind to go with me. I thank you. I am often tired. Some men one meets are so rude."

He knew this was a command to accompany her and a veiled insinuation he dared not resent. He would have laughed at any other time at her wit, did it not sting, were it not so bitter.

Mrs. Gearing stood gazing after them as they went along the walk.

"Poor boy. He's far from well. I'm afraid the sea-air does not agree with him."

"Oh, he's all right, Maria. I've been talking with him about money matters, and I'm glad to see he shows a repentant spirit."

"Yes, dear boy. He means to do right. It's a great pity he couldn't find some good sensible girl who would take care of him. If he were safely married he would be very happy."

The declining sun touched with gold the deep sky, deepened the purple on the sea, and lit up the olive-green pines behind the hotel with dull fire. The day was declining in peace. There was the sound of music and the laughter of children on the air. To the young man it was all a mockery. He could not find words to express his anger and helplessness.

"It is a pleasant evening, sir."

"How did you follow me, Julie? How did you dare to come here?"

"Sir! Whom do you address?"

"What folly, Julie! I could not recognize you before my mother."

"Did I recognize you? No. I am not ready for that. It came later. Listen. After tea I walk on the beach towards that light-house. There will be few there, except the lovers, and they not mind us."

"Set you alone, Julie—on the beach after dark?"

"Why not? If any silly creatures of the hotel meet us I take your arm, and you say, 'Gentlemen, my wife.' We come now to the hotel. You shall escort me to the mother's table in the supper-room. You shall entertain me. I am Mademoiselle Louise Rochet—robust and habits—of New York, late of Paris."

"Told you Yardstickie knew La Rochet."

"Looks like it."

"Yes. Came in with her. Escorted her to seat. See him?"

"Yes. Talking friendly enough."

"Beamish, my boy, we'll have lots of fun yet."

Just as she had said, he held his head high through it all. He entered the hotel talking lightly and pleasantly as to any handsome woman it was his duty to attend. He left her for a space; and then when she appeared in a ravishing and most expensive costume he led her to the dining-room without a tremor or sign of aught save perfect self-possession. As for La Rochet, she was all life, graciousness, and good-humor. He laughed at her wit, and in a certain way felt once more the charm of her presence. She was most cordial, and he felt it the least plan to accept the little pleasure of the moment and forget the night that was to come.

"Beamish boy! lost!"

"Yes. Gone."

"Poor boy! Yardstickie's good enough fellow—weak, though."

"What do after supper?"

"Beach."

"No good. Going to stay here. Make Royal present me."

"He won't do it. Selfish 'bout such things."

"Pretty face. What will girl at light say?"

"What girl?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No. Royal gone again?"

"Yes. Come out after supper. Tell you 'bout her."

"Done. Beach now?"

"Might's well."

Mrs. Judge Gearing was greatly pleased, on reaching the supper-room with her husband, to find that her son looked so much better. He seemed to have made good progress in making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rochet, and was more amiable and talkative than usual. As for the judge, he and no special liking for Mademoiselle, and, while always attentive to his wife's guest, held her somewhat aloof, as if he either felt no interest in her or in some way did not approve of her. Finding on this particular occasion that the younger man was quite able to entertain her, he fell speculating on what sort of a woman she might be. She had come to their home purely on business, and had been taken up by his wife as a "discovery." He had often heard his wife say that she "discovered Mademoiselle Rochet."

Precisely what this meant he did not know. He did know, however, that the woman had spent weeks at a time in their house, and that the cost of clothing for his wife had in four months increased over fivefold. Now that they had come to the beach she had turned up again, and was living with them almost as one of the family. Who was she? Was she married or single? And who were her parents? He had very little confidence in the fact that she called herself Mademoiselle. It might be assumed for effect, just as a worthy matron of six children may be Miss Smith or Miss Brown on the stage. Twice at the table he glanced at her and wondered if she was purposely putting forth all her powers of fascination on his son. She was certainly handsome, dangerously handsome, and the young man was evidently greatly pleased with his new acquaintance.

As for the fond and foolish mother, she was charmed to find her son so much interested and entertained.

"Poor boy! He sadly needs to be cheered by some bright and pleasant woman—though, of course, it would never do. I must warn poor Royal against thinking that a mere dress-maker, however well off or brilliant, would ever be a suitable person."

This to herself knowing nothing of all that passed between these two young people idly talking together in a hotel dining-room.

For the young man the meeting was like walking on thin ice, all sparkle and glitter on the surface and with black cold water beneath. At any moment he might find himself sinking into unknown depths of despair, and yet he must go gayly on, over whatever dangers she might lead him.

Three hours passed, and Mr. Royal Yardstickie pleaded a desire to smoke, and left the cottage and went out into the night. His mother remonstrated and begged him to stay with her at home; she had not seen him for three weeks, and now on this first night he must go out to wander alone on the beach. He promised to return very soon, and then went out towards the hotel. As he approached the brightly-lighted building he left the plank walk and struck across the beach in the shadow of the music-stand.

Would she be there? No use to ask the question. He knew too well that she would keep her word. Should he meet her? Why not go back home and ignore her, refuse ever to meet her again? Why not turn aside and go another way down to the light-house? He could see its rays slowly sweeping the vast horizon with a pencil of light. If it could only be a beacon to guide him to peace and safety! There was a good woman. If he had met her first how different it might have been! Not knowing precisely what he would do, he again turned away from the water-side, and took another and more distant path towards the light-house. He did not actually think of calling on Mad. Johnson, yet he felt a certain instinct to be near her, just as a bird seeks a light in the night.

Suddenly a soft voice spoke behind him.

"Royal—husband."

"What do you want?"

"Why do you walk so fast? I saw you turn aside. That is not your road. Come, let us go down by the water. It is quiet there."

"Great heavens, Julie! what do you mean to do? What do you want of me?"

"Very little, Royal. Only justice—and your love, unless it is dead."

"Don't you see this is very imprudent? How did you manage to get to this country? How did you fasten yourself on my mother?"

"I fasten to the mother? No. It was she took me up. She discovered me, she say."

"How did you get away from Paris?"

"My uncle die, Royal, soon after you left me—oh, it was so cruel in you!—my uncle in Rouen die, and leave me 20,000 francs?"

"Twenty thousand francs?"

"Yes, in good money. I follow you, of course, with that. I set up a shop in the Fifth Avenue, and charge high. Oh! these American women so foolish."

"You always were a good dress-maker, Julie. It's all you are fit for."

"So! It pleases you to say that. I shall remember it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you marry me—you leave me—I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dress-maker. You acknowledge me, and I give it all up. You refuse, and I go on making dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth Avenue—Mrs. Royal Yardstickie: Modes. That she dislike me. He will be so proud when he see my card. Ha! ha! I make no more dresses for the mother then. She discover me no more."

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the path now."

"Your arm, Royal. I wrap my veil about for the path. An imaginative man might have thought it an ill omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come over the scene. A damp cold fog had suddenly come in from the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the light-house tower. The level beam of light traveling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all who came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, alone with that flaming sword of light wheeling in vast circles round the sky.

(To be Continued.)

"It is some silly creatures from the hotel. Let us move on and pass them."

"Evening, Royal."

"Oh! How are you Beamish?"

"Evening, Yardstickie."

"That you, Lankid? Fine night."

Most unaccountably Mademoiselle's veil slipped just at that instant, and fell to the ground. She stopped to pick it up, but Mr. Beamish was too quickly gallant, and caught it and offered it to her.

"Thank you. You are very kind."

Instead of taking it and moving on she withdrew her arm from Mr. Yardstickie's and calmly stood still and readjusted the tulle veil over her head.

"How very awkward! Have you a pin, Mr. Yardstickie?"

Mr. Lankid offered her a tiny cushion filled with pins.

"Thank you, Mr.—"

"Mr. Lankid, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Rochet, Mr. Lankid; Mr. Beamish, Mademoiselle."

She bowed most gracefully to both, and the gentle young things bowed too, and mentally cursed the darkness that prevented a clearer view of La Rochet.

"You go to the music, I presume," said Mademoiselle, sweetly.

"Ah, yes, we thought of it."

"So sorry! we are going to the light-house."

A moment later they had parted, the tender young things greatly pleased at what they called an adventure, Mr. Royal Yardstickie incensed beyond measure.

"That stupid Lankid! He's just enough of a Molly to carry a pin-cushion."

"I'm sure he was more polite than my husband."

"The idiots will tell every one in the hotel that they met us."

"They will say they met Mademoiselle Rochet and Mr. Yardstickie."

"I believe, Julie, you dropped your veil on purpose."

"I did. I wanted to see what you would do. You are not so pleasant as in Paris. Once you would spring to pick it up and tie it on with such ardor that you would disarrange my hair. It is well. I know now what I shall do."

"What will you do?"

"My friend, it depends on you. Acknowledge me as your wife, and all will be well. I shall drop the shop and be a good wife, as good as an American wife. And the 20,000 francs, I have more than that now, for I do very well on the Fifth Avenue—I keep them for you."

"I can't, Julie. I cannot and will not."

"You will not?"

"No."

"Oh, Royal! You cannot mean it? After all you said in Paris!"

"I don't care what I said. It's all over now. We were never really married."

"Not married! Can you prove it?"

"Can you prove that we were?"

To his amazement, she sank upon the sand at his feet with a cry as of one who is grievously hurt.

"I did not, tell you. The spot I crossed in was wrecked. I escaped with only my life and one robe. My marriage-paper—what you call it—was in my trunk—lost."

"And the money too?"

"Oh, to think you say that now! No; the money was sewed in my robe. I saved that."

He offered his hand as if to assist her.

"Can I help you, Mademoiselle Rochet?"

"No," she cried. "I can help myself. She rose quickly, shook the sand from her dress, and said, in a hard, constrained voice:

"Mademoiselle Rochet. I understand now."

Without another word she turned and walked slowly away in the darkness.

He had chosen his path.

Far out at sea a cold gray mist swept swiftly and silently towards the shore.

The young man went on, not thinking of what was before him. Behind him in the darkness, sitting a sob of mingled grief and indignation, came another figure closely veiled and—following him.

The little path where they had parted wandered with many a curve over the sand towards the light-house. It was nearer the road and the woods than the more direct path along the shore, and it led through tall rank beach-grass and past clumps of wild vines and stunted shrubs. As it was seldom used, except by wandering lovers and children, it was not easily traced in the night.

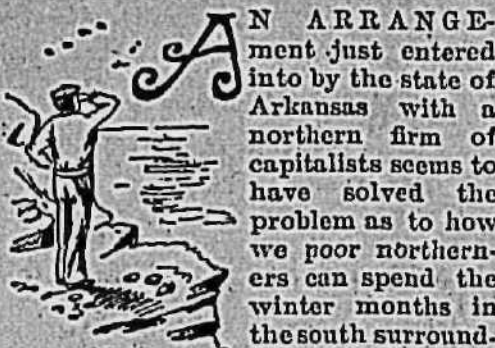
The young man had not gone many steps before he found he had strayed from the right path. As the light was in plain sight across the sands, he thought it easy to walk directly towards it and not mind the path. An instant later he tripped over some wild vine and fell heavily, tearing his hand on some hidden thorns. By the fragrance he knew he had touched some wild rose that had found a foothold in a little hollow in the sand.

A wiser man would have looked about for the path. An imaginative man might have thought it an ill omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come over the scene. A damp cold fog had suddenly come in from the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the light-house tower. The level beam of light traveling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all who came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, alone with that flaming sword of light wheeling in vast circles round the sky.

ARKANSAS CONVICTS.

WILL SOON ENJOY AN ULTRA HUMANE SYSTEM.

The State to Go Into the Farming Business on Contract, Thus Removing the Possibility of Competition With Free Labor—An Admirable Change.



AN ARRANGEMENT just entered into by the state of Arkansas with a northern firm of capitalists seems to have solved the problem as to how we poor northerners can spend the winter months in the south surrounded by tropical vegetation and drink in the fragrance of balmy zephyrs even in February and never pay a cent for the privilege.

To be sure, to effect this decidedly inexpensive change from the land of wintry blasts and the treacherous cable car to the soft atmosphere of southern glades one would have to steal a horse, rob a henroost, set fire to a barn or commit some such act of

be, and an inferior grade of cotton is grown, which will hardly bring in the market the cost of production. Whether the laborer or the planter is responsible for this state of affairs is difficult to say, but investigation of the question leads one to conclude if cotton is properly planted, nursed and cared for in due season as it should be, there is abundant profit to the planter even at a much less price than has lately ruled the market.

There is as much dependent upon the laborer in the cultivation of cotton as in the management or fertility of the soil, and the solution of the problem of making money in raising cotton, investigations show, rests in the land being plowed, the product planted, hoed, protected and harvested all in due and proper season, and the fact is proven that it is most essential to a southern planter that he should have his labor entirely under control.

Equally as troublesome and complicated as the labor question is to the southern planter has been the convict question with southern state officials. As a matter of course the state is required to clothe, feed and guard its convicts. The lease system, which has been the more nearly universal one in the south heretofore, by reason of the treatment the convicts received from lessees, the interference, or rather competition, thus created as between the convicts in the hands of the lessees

is thought a profit may be obtained which would net the state from \$175 to \$300 per annum per convict. This farm affords ample facilities for the raising of meat, sugar, corn, syrup—in fact, everything for subsistence and luxury, and after the first year there will be no need of buying anything and the owner of the property can the first year supply the state at a very low rate with ample food for their men from the products of 1893.

Its area ready for cultivation of five thousand acres could afford work for seven hundred to eight hundred convicts for nine months in the year in the cultivation of cotton and corn. Its valuable timbered lands, covering seven thousand acres of virgin forest, afford work for many years to come for the old time of their men when not actively engaged in farming operations. The railroad of twelve miles running through the property which is owned by the Sunnyside company affords every facility for the transportation of their men without delay to and from their work, and of the timber to the lake and river landings.

It is the purpose of the state and the owner of the plantation to increase the cultivable area from year to year, as the labor of the convicts may be spared from farming operations, and it is understood that of the entire twelve thousand acres there is not an acre but which is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation for the growth of cotton and other products, and without fertilizer of any kind.

It has long been a question of grave consideration how the many complications arising out of the present convict system in Arkansas could be adjusted, and it will no doubt be a source of great relief to the public of that state generally to know that arrangements have now been consummated whereby the convicts are out of competition with free labor and apart by themselves in a perfectly healthy, safe and most fertile section of the state, where they will no longer be a drain on the treasury of the state, but on the contrary turn into such deserving funds as the public schools and charity accounts a revenue of \$50,000 to \$100,000 above all expenses per annum.

JAMES T. FROST.

MRS. FRED GRANT.

She is the Social Lioness of New York's Exclusive Set.

Never did a woman achieve a greater social success in so short a time as Mrs. Frederick D. Grant has done in New York. Her success in the Austrian capital, where her career as a diplomat's wife was a triumphal march through exclusive society there, was, of course, duly reported by the members of the Four Hundred who came back from visits to that city. Hence, when she appeared in New York it was with a prestige already established. Both Mrs. Grant

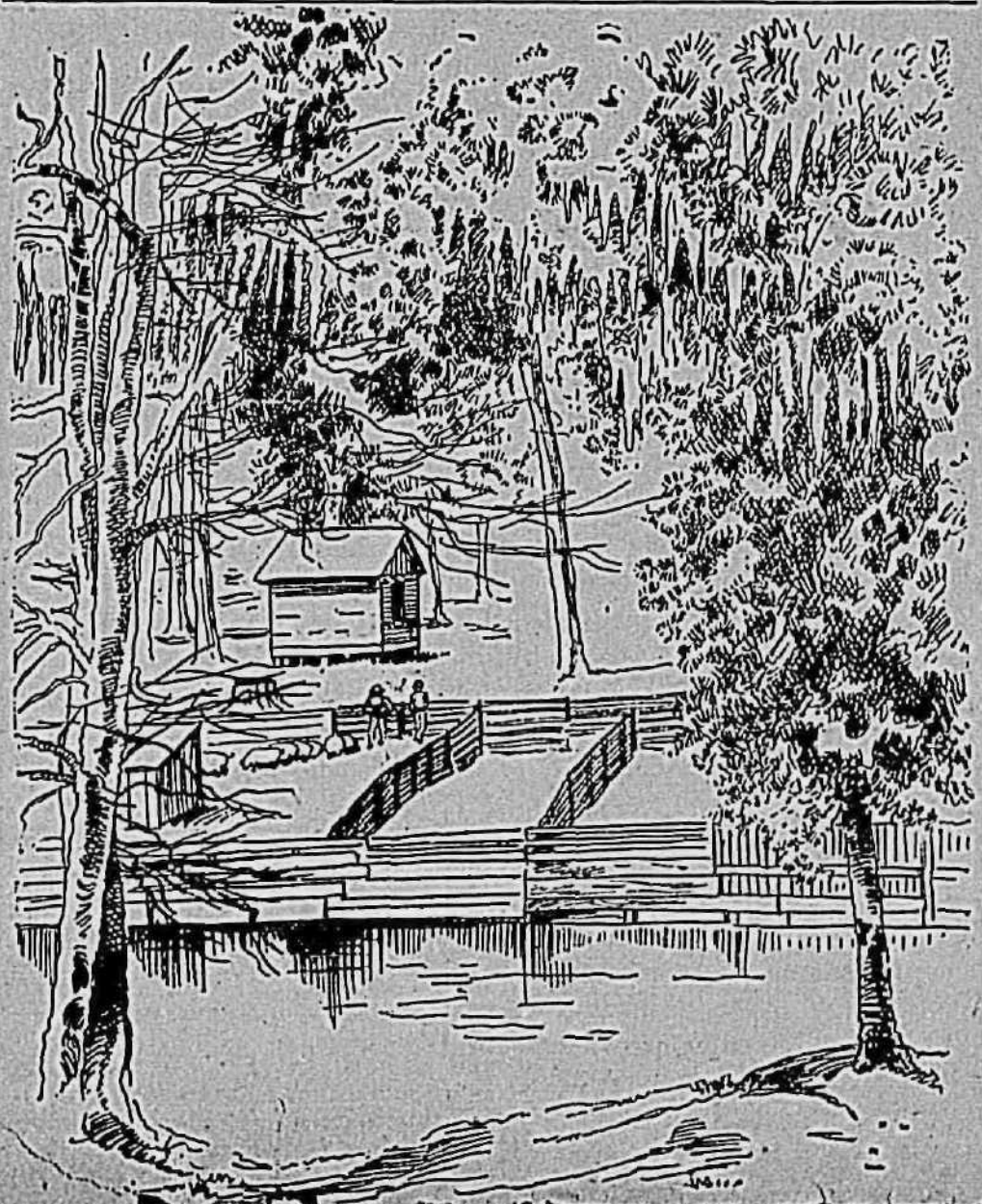


and her sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer, had very poor prospects years ago when their father, al-

though related to some of the most exclusive people in the country, was overtaken by financial embarrassment. Hence they lived in practical seclusion for a time, and those who remember them then recall the warm attachment that always subsisted between the two sisters. Both of the girls, even in their retirement, received brilliant offers of marriage, and one millionaire was very anxious to add to his social importance by marrying his son to one or other of the girls. Both persisted, however, in declining the honor, so the millionaire took his boy to New York and married him off in the latter city. After that event both father and son died, and the widow now lives in great splendor on the fortune.

Louisiana's Parishes.

The history of Louisiana is prettily



THE COMPANY'S JUGGERIES.

an unconventional character sometimes regarded as criminal, but then, one can get used to anything, and the benefits which would accrue are not to be reckoned lightly.

In a word, the state of Arkansas has entered into an agreement with northern capital represented by Austin Corbin & Co. by which all the state's convicts are to be transferred into a sort of Garden of Eden where the mosquitoes bite not and the alligator does not pursue the festive pickaninny, writes a correspondent in a New York paper.

The spot chosen is a great farm situated on an island in Chicot lake, which is of a most peculiar formation, winding about the land as it does in the shape of a horseshoe, meeting at two extremities the Mississippi river. The water surroundings, of course, make the place an ideal one for the confinement of convicts.

These malefactors, instead of having to submit to the lockstep and close confinement of their northern brothers in crime, will work in the open air and will be well housed and well fed to such a degree that it is not believed they will try to escape, especially as their work will not be of a very laborious character.

Since the war the southern plantation owner has grown gray very young owing to the shiftlessness and absolute unreliability of the darkeys, on whose labor he has had to depend for conducting a cotton plantation on a profitable basis. He soon found that the negro with a dollar in his pocket wouldn't work until he got ready, even if the crop went to ruin for the lack of some one to gather it.

With this idea in view the penitentiary commissioners of Arkansas, who comprise Governor Fishback, Attorney General Clarke and Secretary of State Armistead, after consultation with Mr. Corbin's representatives, decided to move all the convicts of the state to the Sunnyside plantation, on Chicot island.

It has long been a problem with the southern planters how to reduce the cost of growing cotton, render their lands more productive and make money out of their product. Many years ago the southern planters were generally wealthy, comfortable and satisfied with the results obtained from raising cotton, but of late years this condition of satisfaction has been changed to one of discontent, and now they are unanimous in their belief that there is less money in the product than heretofore.

Directly responsible for this condition of affairs are the unsettled state and unreliable tendency of the colored farm laborer, the farmer's inability to give to his crop the proper attention at the all-important season, and the consequence, in most cases, that the cotton stalk is not fruited as it should

and the free and independent citizens as laborers and many other objectionable features in this system have proven so obnoxious and distasteful to people generally that it has been abandoned in quite a number of states, and others are undertaking to do away with it at as early a date as the contracts will permit.

The large area of land of the most fertile class uncultivated in the south from lack of planters renders the farm about the only place on which a convict can be worked where competition does not exist and where the revenue to be derived is far in excess of that under the lease system.

When negotiations were begun by the state of Arkansas for the lease of Sunnyside there was considerable opposition from certain sources, but a thorough investigation of the property led the state officials to conclude that it was the only tract of land in the



STEAMER AT LAKESIDE LANDING.

state that would answer all the purposes required and at the same time prove self-sustaining and profitable. It has heretofore been considered about the best the state could do to receive a revenue of \$30 to \$40 per annum for each convict abled bodied and competent to do such work as coal mining, railroad building, etc., but the revenue thus derived was hardly sufficient to take care of the weaker class of convicts who were not physically able to work at anything.

It is estimated that by this arrangement with the Sunnyside plantation, not from mere figures and what should be done, but from actual results obtained in past years in farming this land, a very good profit per year may be realized when all is in working order. It

outlined in the names of her parishes. A few Indian county names hint at the story of the aborigines; two or three Spanish names tell of De Soto and the Spanish occupation; several French names commemorate the French settlement of the region; and half a dozen names that honor early heroes of the United States tell of that vast stroke by which Jefferson added a vast territory to the possessions of his country.

The Dark Ages.

The Abbot Trithemius in the fourteenth century undertook to invent shorthand, but his treatises on the subject were condemned and publicly burned as being filled with diabolical mysteries.



[CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.]
"Thanks, madame. I shall be so honored. You tell your son has been in Paris. I shall be glad to discuss with him the life in la belle Paris."

The young man managed to keep his wits about him, and while not daring to trust himself to speak, escorted Mademoiselle to the door. The judge eyed him sharply as they came out on the piazza, and the young man turned his face away. Mademoiselle was profuse in her parting politeness, and then said calmly to the young man:
"You are very kind to go with me. I thank you. I am often timid. Some men meet me as rude."

He knew this was a command to accompany her and a veiled insinuation he dared not resent. He would have laughed at any other time at her wit, did it not sting, were it not so bitter. Mrs. Gearing stood gazing after them as they went along the walk.

"Poor boy. He's far from well. I'm afraid the sea-air does not agree with him."

"Oh, he's all right, Maria. I've been talking with him about money matters, and I'm glad to see he shows a repentant spirit."

"Yes, dear boy. He means to do right. It's a great pity he couldn't find some good sensible girl who would take care of him. If he were safely married he would be very happy."

The declining sun touched with gold the fleecy sky, deepened the purple on the sea, and lit up the olive-green pines behind the hotel with dull fire. The day was declining in peace. There was the sound of music and the laughter of children on the air. To the young man it was all a mockery. He could not find words to express his anger and helplessness.

"It is a pleasant evening, sir."

"How did you follow me, Julie?"

"How did you dare to come here?"

"Sir! Whom do you address?"

"What folly, Julie! I could not recognize you before my mother."

"Did I recognize you? No. I am not ready for that. It came later. Listen. After tea I walk on the beach towards that light-house. There will be few there, except the lovers, and they not mind us."

"Meet you alone, Julie—on the beach after dark?"

"Why not? If any silly creatures of the hotel meet us I take your arm, and you say, 'Gentlemen, my wife! We come now to the hotel. You shall escort me to the mother's table in the supper-room. You shall entertain me. I am Mademoiselle Louise Rochet—robes and habits—of New York, late of Paris.'"

"Told you Yardstickle knew La Rochet."

"Looks like it."

"Yes. Came in with her. Escorted her to seat. See him?"

"Yes. Talking friendly enough."

"Beamish boy! We'll have lots of fun yet!"

Just as she had said, he held his head high through it all. He entered the hotel talking lightly and pleasantly as to any handsome woman it was his duty to attend. He left her for a space; and then when she appeared in a ravishing and most expensive costume he led her to the dining-room without a tremor or sign of aught save perfect self-possession. As for La Rochet, she was a life, graciousness, and good-humor. He laughed at her wit, and in a certain way felt once more the charm of her presence. She was most cordial, and he felt it the wisest plan to accept the little pleasure at the moment and forget the night that was to come.

"Beamish boy! lost!"

"Yes. Gone."

"Poor boy! Yardstickle's good enough fellow—weak, though."

"What do after supper?"

"Beamish."

"No good. Going to stay here. Make Royal present me."

"He won't do it. Selfish 'bout such things."

"Pretty face. What will girl at light say?"

"What girl?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No. Royal gone again?"

"Yes. Come out after supper. Tell you 'bout her."

"Done. Beach now?"

"Might as well."

Mrs. Judge Gearing was greatly pleased, on reaching the supper-room with her husband, to find that her son looked so much better. He seemed to have made good progress in making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rochet, and was more amiable and talkative than usual. As for the judge, he was a special guest, held her somewhat aloof, as if he either felt no interest in her or in some way did not approve of her. Finding on this particular occasion that the younger man was quite able to entertain her, he fell speculating on what sort of a woman she might be. She had come to their home purely on business, and had been taken up by his wife as a "discovery." He had often heard his wife say that she "discovered Mademoiselle Rochet."

Precisely what this meant he did not know. He did know, however, that the woman had spent weeks at a time in their house, and that the cost of clothing for his wife had in four months increased over fivefold. Now that they had come to the beach she had turned up again, and was living with them almost as one of the family. Who was she? Was she married or single? And who were her parents? He had very little confidence in the fact that she called herself Mademoiselle. It might be assumed for effect, just as a worthy matron of six children may be Miss Smith or Miss Brown on the stage. Twice at the table he glanced at her and wondered if she was purposely putting forth all her powers of fascination on his son. She was certainly handsome, dangerously handsome, and the young man was evidently greatly pleased with his new acquaintance.

As for the fond and foolish mother, she was charmed to find her son so much interested and entertained. "Poor boy! He sadly needs to be cheered by some bright and pleasant woman—though, of course, it would never do. I must warn poor Royal against thinking that a mere dress-maker, however well off or brilliant, would ever be a suitable person."

This to herself knowing nothing of all that passed between these two young people idly talking together in a hotel dining-room.

For the young man the meeting was like walking on thin ice, all sparkle and glitter on the surface and with black cold water beneath. At any moment he might find himself sinking into unknown depths of despair, and yet he must go on, over whatever dangers she might lead him.

Three hours passed, and Mr. Royal Yardstickle pleaded a desire to smoke, and left the cottage and went out into the night.

His mother remonstrated and begged him to stay with her at home; she had not seen him for three weeks, and now on this first night he must go out to wander alone on the beach. He promised to return very soon, and then went out towards the hotel. As he approached the brightly-lighted building he left the plank walk and struck across the beach in the shadow of the music-stand.

"Would she be there? No use to ask the question. He knew too well that she would keep her word. Should he meet her? Why not go back home and ignore her, refuse ever to meet her again? Why not turn aside and go another way down to the light-house? He could see its rays slowly sweeping the vast horizon with a pencil of light. If it could only be a beacon to guide him to peace and safety! There was a good woman. If he had met her first how different it might have been! Not knowing precisely what he would do, he again turned away from the water-side, and took another and more distant path towards the light-house. He did not actually think of calling on Mal Johnson, yet he felt a certain instinct to be near her, just as a bird seeks a light in the night.

Suddenly a soft voice spoke behind him.

"Royal—husband."

"What do you want?"

"Why do you walk so fast? I saw you turn aside. That is not your road. Come, let us go down by the water. It is quiet there."

"Great heavens, Julie! what do you mean to do? What do you want of me?"

"Very little, Royal. Only justice—and your love, unless it is dead."

"Don't you see this is very imprudent? How did you manage to get to this country? How did you fasten yourself on my mother?"

"I fasten to the mother? No. It was she took me up. She discovered me, she say."

"How did you get away from Paris?"

"My uncle die, Royal, soon after you left me—oh, it was so cruel in you!—my uncle in Rouen die, and leave me 20,000 francs?"

"Twenty thousand francs?"

"Yes, in good money. I follow you, of course, with that. I set up a shop in the Fifth Avenue, and charge high. Oh! these American women so foolish."

"You always were a good dress-maker, Julie. It's all you are fit for."

"So! It pleases you to say that. I shall remember it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you marry me—you leave me—I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dress-maker. You acknowledge me, and I give it all up. You refuse, and I go on making dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth Avenue—Mrs. Royal Yardstickle. Modes. The Judge he dislike me. He will be so proud when he see my card. Hal! I make no more dresses for the mother then. She discover me no more."

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the path now."

"Your arm, Royal. I wrap my veil about me. None know me."

She had taken his arm, and, observing two persons approaching in the darkness, he did not dare to withdraw it.

"It is some silly creatures from the hotel. Let us move on and pass them." "Evening, Royal." "Oh! How are you Beamish?" "Evening, Yardstickle." "That you, Lamkid? Fine night." "Most unaccountably Mademoiselle's veil slipped just at that instant, and fell to the ground. She stopped to pick it up, but Mr. Beamish was too quickly gallant, and caught it and offered it to her.

"Thank you. You are very kind." Instead of taking it and moving on she withdrew her arm from Mr. Yardstickle's and calmly stood still and re-adjusted the tulle veil over her head.

"How very awkward! Have you a pin, Mr. Yardstickle?"

"Mr. Lamkid offered her a tiny cushion filled with pins."

"Thank you, Mr.—"

"Mr. Lamkid, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Rochet, Mr. Lamkid; Mr. Beamish, Mademoiselle."

She bowed most gracefully to both, and the gentle young things bowed too, and menially cursed the darkness that prevented a clearer view of La Rochet.

"You go to the music, I presume?" said Mademoiselle, sweetly.

"Ah, yes, we thought of it."

"So sorry! we are going to the light-house."

A moment later they had parted, the tender young things greatly pleased at what they called an adventure, Mr. Royal Yardstickle incensed beyond measure.

"That stupid Lamkid! He's just enough of a Molly to carry a pin-cushion."

"I'm sure he was more polite than my husband."

"The idiots will tell every one in the hotel that they met us."

"They will say they met Mademoiselle Rochet and Mr. Yardstickle."

"I believe, Julie, you dropped your veil on purpose."

"I did. I wanted to see what you would do. You are not so pleasant as in Paris. Once you would spring to pick it up and the it on with such order that you would disarrange my hair. It is well. I know now what I shall do."

"What will you do?"

"My friend, it depends on you. Acknowledge me as your wife, and all will be well. I shall drop the shop and be a good wife, as good as an American wife. And the 20,000 francs, I have more than that now, for I do very well on the Fifth Avenue—I keep them for you."

"I can't, Julie. I cannot and will not."

"You will not?"

"No."

"Oh, Royal! You cannot mean it? After all you said in Paris!"

"I don't care what I said. It's all over now. We were never really married."

"Not married! Can you prove it?"

"Can you prove that we were?"

To his amazement, she sank upon the sand at his feet with a cry as of one who is grievously hurt.

"I did not, tell you. The shop I crossed in was wrecked. I escaped with only my life and one robe. My marriage-paper—what you call it—was in my trunk—lost."

"And the money too?"

"Oh, to think you say that now! No, the money was sewed in my robe. I saved that."

He offered his hand as if to assist her.

"Can I help you, Mademoiselle Rochet?"

"No," she cried. "I can help myself. She rose quickly, shook the sand from her dress, and said, in a hard, constrained voice:

"Mademoiselle Rochet. I understand now."

Without another word she turned and walked slowly away in the darkness.

He had chosen his path.

Far out at sea a cold gray mist swept swiftly and silently towards the shore.

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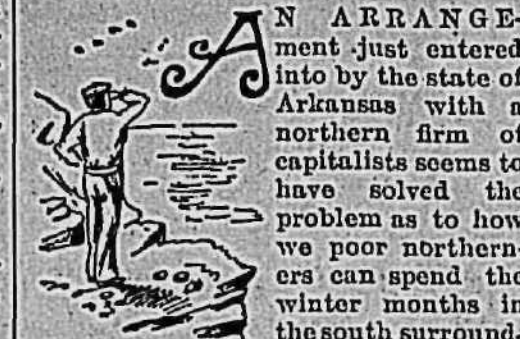
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Equally as troublesome and complicated as the labor question is to the southern planter has been the convict question with southern state officials. As a matter of course the state is required to clothe, feed and guard its convicts. The lease system, which has been the more nearly universal one in the south heretofore,

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S CONVICTS.

ENJOY AN ULTRA SYSTEM.

Into the Farming Contract, Thus Removing of Competition With an Admiration Change.

ARRANGEMENT just entered into by the state of Arkansas with a northern firm of capitalists seems to have solved the problem as to how we poor northerners can spend the winter months in the south surrounding vegetation and drink in the balmy zephyrs even never pay a cent for effect this decidedly from the land of the treacherous.

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It is thought a profit may be obtained which would net the state from \$175 to \$200 per annum per convict.

This farm affords ample facilities for the raising of meat, sugar, corn, syrup—in fact, everything for subsistence and luxury, and after the first year there will be no need of buying anything and the owner of the property can the first year supply the state at a very low rate with ample food for their men from the products of 1893. seven hundred to eight hundred convicts for nine months in the year in the cultivation of cotton and corn. Its valuable timbered lands, covering seven thousand acres of virgin forest, afford work for many years to come for the odd time of their men when not actively engaged in farming operations. The railroad of twelve miles running through the property which is owned by the Sunnyside company affords every facility for the transportation of their men without delay to and from their work, and of the timber to the lake and river landings.

It is the purpose of the state and the owner of the plantation to increase



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

to his presenting himself and truly a perfect laxative, it cures constipation, biliousness, and all the ailments of the bowels, and is the only medicine that can be taken with safety by all ages, and is the only one that can be taken with safety by all ages, and is the only one that can be taken with safety by all ages.

ROOT ME.

I Gippe! Dured. At a time caught and a second bottle in my hand and liver. I bought me a bottle of Root Me. I Gippe! Dured. At a time caught and a second bottle in my hand and liver.

SING

the greatest singing ever. I have been in each case and have played much for singing of piano for the night, together, Ala. d. on receipt of 100 CENTS. ST. LOUIS, MO.

CO.

the greatest singing ever. I have been in each case and have played much for singing of piano for the night, together, Ala. d. on receipt of 100 CENTS. ST. LOUIS, MO.

COLATE

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DUE TO GHOST STORIES.

Two Girls Captured Each Other Instead of a Burglar.

It was a cold winter's evening, just such a one as nature gives for the proper coloring to stories of the imaginative character. Ghosts could be seen dancing and holding high carnival on the glistening snowbanks outside, and fairy forms and hobgoblin shapes seemed to bustle forth at every crack of the bright logs in the big open grate.

As we sat there in the parlor of the big farmhouse, watching the glowing logs, we fully bent ourselves to the surroundings, and our imaginations had full sway. Uncle Fred related long and blood-curdling yarns, which he had heard in the West; the girls told some wonderful ghost stories, and I fairly let myself loose in anecdotes of crime which had come under my observation as a police reporter, says a correspondent of the New York Journal.

When at last we went to bed, our minds were keyed up to a very high pitch, and I noticed that the girls used extra precautions that night in looking the doors and windows. The fact that a couple of suspicious looking tramps had been turned away earlier in the evening by my grandfather also tended to make us more than usually careful.

The girls retired to a V room, just at the head of the stairs, a great big chamber, such as is always set aside as the spare room, furnished with a big double bed with four old-fashioned high posts. My Uncle Fred and I slept in the low-ceilinged chamber, in the other wing of the house. A long, narrow hall winding around the top of the open staircase separated the two apartments.

Uncle Fred and I had been asleep about two hours when we were suddenly awakened by the sound of a struggle. For a moment we listened and then we heard a high soprano which we recognized as Flora's screaming—

"Help! Help! there's a man in the room!"

At the same instant another voice which we knew at once was Minnie's gave another and even more unearthly yell of "Help! He's killing me!"

Fred was on his feet in an instant and as he pulled his pistol out of the drawer I grabbed the lamp. It only took a minute to rush out in the hall, but in that sixty seconds of space we heard enough to convince us that a most horrible sight would meet our eyes.

Around the hall we bounded and a flash from Fred sent the door of the girls' room bounding inward. He cocked the pistol and I shoved in the light. As the rays from the lamp shone around the apartment we failed to discern any trace of the man. A glance at the bed told the story. Both girls were sitting up, and Flora and a light-colored Minnie's hair and hands were clutching Flora's hair with both hands. Both were screaming at the top of their voices and both were fast asleep.

It didn't take long to solve the mystery of getting the girls awake. Flora, in her slumbers, had dreamed of burglars and tossing about had grabbed Minnie by the hair. As she did so she dreamed she had caught a burglar and yelled. Minnie, who was also thinking of the ghost stories, instantly supposed that a robber had hor and in self defense she had grabbed Flora's hair. Both had pulled for dear life and yelled at the same time.

When the matter was explained at the breakfast table the next morning, grandfather put an emphatic embargo on any more ghost stories.

Mary Magdalene in France. Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles. In France, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life. The legend, according to the Nouvelles Revue, runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judea in a small boat, with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less, and a few vases of the innocents massacred by King Herod.

"John," said Mrs. Trimmies "there's a burglar in the house." "Is there?" "Yes, Oh, John, I do believe it's Jack the Snatcher."

"Of course you do. And I suppose you want me to go down and see him and come back and tell you how he looks and all about him. I'm not going to do it. I've got something to do besides gratifying your idle curiosity."

And John turned over and went to sleep.

His Experience. Mr. Fry—You must have had some peculiar experiences in your army practice, Dr. Lunce.

Dr. Lunce—Yes. I have noticed, for example, that some of the patients who had the least fighting during the war have done the most bleeding since—Lila.

The Almighty Dealer. Mrs. Nowrliche—I want a first class passage to Havre.

The Agent of the Standard Line—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Nowrliche—And I insist upon having a most passage, no matter what the cost—Chicago Record.

Future Sovereigns of the World.

One of the many things that have before them a list of the heirs to the thrones of the world. We give below what we believe to be an accurate as well as a full list of all the chief heirs apparent and heirs presumptive to the crowns of important countries in Europe and Asia, except China. The date following the description of the heir is the year of his birth.

Austria—Hungary—Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother of the emperor; 1833.

Bavaria—Prince Luitpold, uncle of the king; 1821.

Belgium—Prince Philippe, count of Flanders, brother of the king; 1837.

Bulgaria—No heir.

Denmark—Prince Frederik, son of the king; 1843.

Germany and Prussia—Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, son of the emperor-king; 1859.

Great Britain—Albert Edward, prince of Wales, son of the queen; 1841.

Greece—Prince Konstantin, son of the king; 1858.

Italy—Vittorio Emanuele, prince of Naples, son of the king.

Japan—Prince Yoshihito, son of the emperor; 1871.

Montenegro—Prince Danile Alexander, son of the reigning prince; 1871.

Persia—Mazafar-ed-din, son of the shah; 1853.

Portugal—Prince Luis Filipe, duke of Braganza, son of the king; 1847.

Romania—Prince Ferdinand Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, nephew of the king; 1855.

Russia—Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the emperor; 1858.

Saxony—Prince George, duke of Saxony, brother of the king; 1832.

Siam—Prince Somdet Chulalongkorn, son of the king; 1853.

Spain—Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, sister of the king; 1850.

Sweden and Norway—Prince Gustaf, duke of Wermland, son of the king; 1858.—Sunny South.

Our Colonies. There are 119,000,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze 3-cent pieces were set adrift. Three millions of these are still outstanding. Three million 3-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 half cents which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the government for recoinage or is held by the treasury.

Maine leads northern and western states in the average production per acre of potatoes with 110 bushels.

What Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it once you will see. It is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

Over 600,000 cattle are annually slaughtered to make beef extract for soup.

The attention of baseball players who receive wages of one kind or another every day from bat or ball, is directed to the fact that the Salvation Oil is the best application for the cure of cuts, bruises and sprains. 25 cents.

The plant known to us as love-lies-bleeding is eaten as a vegetable in China. The young shoots of the mahogany are also served at table.

Home Seekers' Excursion. The next Harvest Excursion via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R.R. will leave Hannibal, St. Louis and Kansas City on Feb. 13, for which tickets will be sold to all points in Texas at half rates, limited for return to thirty (30) days from date of sale.

Similar excursions will be run March 13, April 14 and May 8. For further information address your nearest ticket agent.

JAMES BARKER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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DURING hard times consumers

cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

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[CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.]

"Thanks, madame. I shall be so honored. You tell me your son has been in Paris. I shall be glad to discuss with him the life in la belle Paris."

The young man managed to keep his wits about him, and, while not daring to trust himself to speak, escorted Mademoiselle to the door. The judge eyed him sharply as they came out on the piazza, and the young man turned his face away. Mademoiselle was profuse in her parting politeness, and then said calmly to the young man—

"You are very kind to go with me. I thank you. I am often timid. Some men meet me as I do."

He knew this was a command to accompany her and a veiled insinuation he dared not resent. He would have laughed at any other time at her wit, did it not sting, were it not so bitter. Mrs. Gearing stood gazing after them as they went along the walk.

"Poor boy. He's far from well. I'm afraid the sea-air does not agree with him."

"Oh, he's all right, Maria. I've been talking with him about money-matters, and I'm glad to see he shows a repentant spirit."

"Yes, dear boy. He means to do right. It's a great pity he couldn't find some good sensible girl who would take care of him. If he were safely married he would be very happy."

The declining sun touched with gold the fleecy sky, deepened the purple on the sea, and lit up the olive-green pines behind the hotel with dull fire. The day was declining in peace. There was the sound of music and the laughter of children on the air. To the young man it was all a mockery. He could not find words to express his anger and helplessness.

"It is a pleasant evening, sir."

"How did you follow me, Julie? How did you dare to come here?"

"Girl! Whom do you address?"

"What folly, Julie! I could not recognize you before my mother."

"Did I recognize you? No. I am not ready for that. It comes later. Listen. After tea I walk on the beach towards that light-house. There will be few there, except the lovers, and they not mind us."

"Let me go alone, Julie—on the beach after dark?"

"Why not? If any silly creatures of the hotel meet us I take your arm, and you say, 'Gentlemen, my wife.' We come now to the hotel. You shall escort me to the mother's table in the supper-room. You shall entertain me. I am Mademoiselle Louise Rochet—robust and habitué of New York, late of Paris."

"Told you Yardstickie knew La Rochet."

"Looks like it."

"Yes. Come in with her. Escorted her to seat. See him?"

"Yes. Talking friendly enough."

"Beamish, my boy, we'll have lots of fun yet."

Just as she had said, he held his head high through it all. He entered the hotel talking lightly and pleasantly as to any handsome woman it was his duty to attend. He left her for a space; and then when she appeared in a ravishing and most expensive costume he led her to the dining-room without a tremor or sign of aught save perfect self-possession. As for La Rochet, she was all life, graciousness, and good-humor. He laughed at her wit, and in a certain way felt once more the charm of her presence. She was most cordial, and he felt it the wisest plan to accept the little pleasure of the moment and forget the night that was to come.

"Beamish boy! lost!"

"Yes. Gone."

"Poor boy! Yardstickie's good enough fellow—weak, though."

"What do after supper?"

"Beach."

"No good. Going to stay here. Make Royal present me."

"He won't do it. Selfish 'bout such things."

"Pretty face. What will girl at light say?"

"What girl?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No. Royal gone again?"

"Yes. Come out after supper. Tell you 'bout her."

"Done. Beach now?"

"Might's well."

Mrs. Judge Gearing was greatly pleased, on reaching the supper-room with her husband, to find that her son looked so much better. He seemed to have made good progress in making the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rochet, and was more amiable and talkative than usual. As for the judge, he and no special liking for Mademoiselle, and, while always attentive to his wife's guest, held her somewhat aloof, as if he either felt no interest in her or in some way did not approve of her. Finding on this particular occasion that the younger man was quite able to entertain her, he fell speculating on what sort of a woman she might be. She had come to their home purely on business, and had been taken up by his wife as a "discovery." He had often heard his wife say that she "discovered" Mademoiselle Rochet.

Precisely what this meant he did not know. He did know, however, that the woman had spent weeks at a time in their house, and that the cost of clothing for his wife had in four months increased over fivefold. Now that they had come to the beach she had turned up again, and was living with them almost as one of the family. Who was she? Was she married or single? And who were her parents? He had very little confidence in the fact that she called herself Mademoiselle. It might be assumed for effect, just as a worthy matron of six children may be Miss Smith or Miss Brown on the stage. Twice at the table he glanced at her and wondered if she was purposely putting forth all her powers of fascination on his son. She was certainly handsome, dangerously handsome, and the young man was evidently greatly pleased with his new acquaintance. As for the fond and foolish mother, she was charmed to find her son so much interested and entertained.

"Poor boy! He sadly needs to be cheered by some bright and pleasant woman—though, of course, it would never do. I must warn poor Royal against thinking that a mere dress-maker, however well off or brilliant, would ever be a suitable person."

This to himself knowing nothing of all that passed between these two young people idly talking together in a hotel dining-room.

For the young man the meeting was like walking on thin ice, all sparkle and glitter on the surface and with black cold water beneath. At any moment he might find himself sinking into unknown depths of despair, and yet he must go gayly on, over whatever dangers she might lead him.

Three hours passed, and Mr. Royal Yardstickie pleaded a desire to smoke, and left the cottage and went out into the night. His mother remonstrated and begged him to stay with her at home; she had not seen him for three weeks, and now on this first night he must go out to wander alone on the beach. He promised to return very soon, and then went out towards the hotel. As he approached the brightly-lighted building he left the plank walk and struck across the beach in the shadow of the music-stand.

Would she be there? No use to ask the question. He knew too well that she would keep her word. Should he meet her? Why not go back home and ignore her, refuse ever to meet her again? Why not turn aside and go another way down to the light-house? He could see its rays slowly sweeping the vast horizon with a pencil of light. If it could only be a beacon to guide him to peace and safety! There was a good woman. If he had met her first how different it might have been! Not knowing precisely what he would do, he again turned away from the water-side, and took another and more distant path towards the light-house. He did not actually think of calling on Mai Johnson, yet he felt a certain instinct to be near her, just as a bird seeks a light in the night.

Suddenly a soft voice spoke behind him.

"Royal—husband."

"What do you want?"

"Why do you walk so fast? I saw you turn aside. That is not your road. Come, let us go down by the water. It is quiet there."

"Great heavens, Julie! what do you mean to do? What do you want of me?"

"Very little, Royal. Only justice—and your love, unless it is dead."

"Don't you see this is very imprudent? How did you manage to get to this country? How did you fasten yourself on my mother?"

"I fasten to the mother? No. It was she took me up. She discovered me, she say."

"How did you get away from Paris?"

"My uncle die, Royal, soon after you left me—oh, it was so cruel in you!—my uncle in Rouen die, and leave me 20,000 francs."

"Twenty thousand francs?"

"Yes, in good money. I follow you, of course, with that. I set up a shop in the Fifth Avenue, and charge high. Oh! these American women so foolish."

"You always were a good dress-maker, Julie. It's all you are fit for."

"So! It pleases you to say that. I shall remember it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you marry me—you leave me—I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dress-maker. You acknowledge me, and I give it all up. You refuse, and I go on making dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth Avenue—Mrs. Royal Yardstickie. Modes. The Judge he dislike me. He will be so proud when he see my card. Ha! ha! I make no more dresses for the mother then. She discover me no more."

"For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the path now."

"Your arm, Royal. I wrap my veil about me. None know me."

She had taken his arm, and, observing two persons approaching in the darkness, he did not dare to withdraw it.

"It is some silly creatures from the hotel. Let us move on and pass them."

"Evening, Royal!"

"Oh! How are you Beamish?"

"Evening, Yardstickie!"

"That you, Lamkid? Fine night."

Most unaccountably Mademoiselle's veil slipped just at that instant, and fell to the ground. She stopped to pick it up, but Mr. Beamish was too quickly gallant, and caught it and offered it to her.

"Thank you. You are very kind."

Instead of taking it and moving on she withdrew her arm from Mr. Yardstickie's and calmly stood still and readjusted the tulle over her head.

"How very awkward! Have you a pin, Mr. Yardstickie?"

Mr. Lamkid offered her a tiny cushion filled with pins.

"Thank you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Mr. Lamkid, Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle Rochet, Mr. Lamkid; Mr. Beamish, Mademoiselle."

She bowed most gracefully to both, and the gentle young things bowed too, and mentally cursed the darkness that prevented a clearer view of La Rochet.

"You go to the music, I presume?" said Mademoiselle, sweetly.

"Ah, yes, we thought of it."

"So sorry! we are going to the light-house."

A moment later they had parted, the tender young things greatly pleased at what they called an adventure, Mr. Royal Yardstickie incensed beyond measure.

"That stupid Lamkid! He's just enough of a Molly to carry a pin-cushion."

"I'm sure he was more polite than my husband."

"The idiots will tell every one in the hotel that they met us."

"They will say they met Mademoiselle Rochet and Mr. Yardstickie."

"I believe, Julie, you dropped your veil on purpose."

"Did I want to see what you would do. You are not so pleasant as in Paris. Once you would swing to pick it up and tie it on with such ardor that you would disarrange my hair. It is well. I know now what I shall do."

"What will you do?"

"My friend, it depends on you. Acknowledge me as your wife, and all will be well. I shall drop the shop and be a good wife—as good as an American wife. And the 20,000 francs, I have more than that now, for I do very well on the Fifth Avenue—I keep them for you."

"I can't, Julie. I cannot and will not."

"You will not?"

"No."

"Oh, Royal! You cannot mean it? After all you said in Paris!"

"I don't care what I said. It's all over now. We were never really married."

"Not married! Can you prove it?"

"Can you prove that we were?"

To his amazement, she sank upon the sand at his feet with a cry as of one who is grievously hurt.

"I did not, tell you. The spot I crossed in was wrecked. I escaped with only my life and one robe. My marriage-paper—what you call it—was in my trunk—lost."

"And the money too?"

"Oh, to think you say that now! No; the money was saved in my robe. I saved that."

He offered his hand as if to assist her.

"Can I help you, Mademoiselle Rochet?"

"No," she cried. "I can help myself. She rose quickly, shook the sand from her dress, and said, in a hard, constrained voice:

"Mademoiselle Rochet, I understand now."

Without another word she turned and walked slowly away in the darkness.

He had chosen his path.

Far out at sea a cold gray mist swept swiftly and silently towards the shore.

The young man went on, not thinking of what was before him. Behind him in the darkness, sitting a sob of mingled grief and indignation, came another figure closely veiled and—following him.

The little path where they had parted wandered with many a curve over the sand towards the light-house. It was nearer the road and the woods than the more direct path along the shore, and it led through tall rank beach-grass and past clumps of wild vines and stunted shrubs. As it was seldom used, except by wandering lovers and children, it was not easily traced in the night.

The young man had not gone many steps before he found he had strayed from the right path. As the light was in plain sight across the sands, he thought it easy to walk directly towards it and not mind the path. An instant later he tripped over some wild vine and fell heavily, tearing his hand on some hidden thorns. By the fragrance he knew he had touched some wild rose that had found a foothold in a little hollow in the sand.

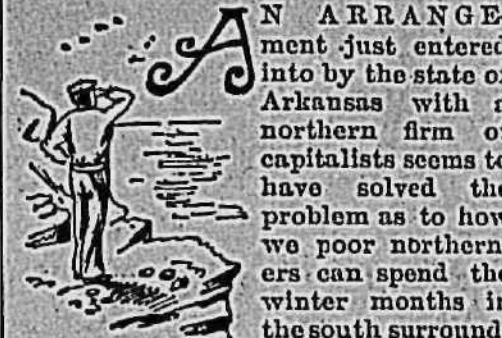
A wiser man would have looked about for the path. An imaginative man might have thought it an ill omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come over the scene. A damp cold fog had suddenly come in from the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the light-house tower. The level beam of light travelling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all who came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, alone with that flaming sword of light wheeling in vast circles round the sky.

(To be Continued.)

ARKANSAS CONVICTS.

WILL SOON ENJOY AN ULTRA HUMANE SYSTEM.

The State to Go Into the Farming Business on Contract, Thus Removing the Possibility of Competition With Free Labor—An Admirable Change.



AN ARRANGEMENT just entered into by the state of Arkansas with a northern firm of capitalists seems to have solved the problem as to how the poor northerners can spend the winter months in the south surrounded by tropical vegetation and drink in the fragrance of balmy zephyrs even in February and never pay a cent for the privilege.

To be sure, to effect this decidedly inexpensive change from the land of wintry blasts and the treacherous cable car to the soft atmosphere of southern glades one would have to steal a horse, rob a henroost, set fire to a barn or commit some such act of

be, and an inferior grade of cotton is grown, which will hardly bring in the market the cost of production.

Whether the laborer or the planter is responsible for this state of affairs is difficult to say, but investigation of the question leads one to conclude if cotton is properly planted, nursed and cared for in due season as it should be, there is abundant profit to the planter even at a much less price than has lately ruled the market.

There is as much dependent upon the laborer in the cultivation of cotton as in the management or fertility of the soil, and the solution of the problem of making money in raising cotton, investigations show, rests in the land being plowed, the product planted, hoed, protected and harvested all in due and proper season, and the fact is proven that it is most essential to a southern planter that he should have his labor entirely under control.

Equally as troublesome and complicated as the labor question is to the southern planter has been the convict question with southern state officials. As a matter of course the state is required to clothe, feed and guard its convicts. The lease system, which has been the more nearly universal one in the south heretofore, by reason of the treatment the convicts received from lessees, the interference, or rather competition, thus created as between the convicts in the hands of the lessees

is thought a profit may be obtained which would net the state from \$175 to \$200 per annum per convict.

This farm affords ample facilities for the raising of meat, sugar, corn, syrup—in fact, everything for subsistence and luxury, and after the first year there will be no need of buying anything and the owner of the property can the first year supply the state at a very low rate with ample food for their men from the products of 1893.

Its area ready for cultivation of five thousand acres could afford work for seven hundred to eight hundred convicts for nine months in the year in the cultivation of cotton and corn. Its valuable timbered lands, covering seven thousand acres of virgin forest, afford work for many years to come for the odd time of their men when not actively engaged in farming operations. The railroad of twelve miles running through the property which is owned by the Sunnyside company affords every facility for the transportation of their men without delay to and from their work, and of the timber to the lake and river landings.

It is the purpose of the state and the owner of the plantation to increase the cultivatable area from year to year, as the labor of the convicts may be spared from farming operations, and it is understood that of the entire twelve thousand acres there is not an acre but which is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation for the growth of cotton and other products, and without fertilizer of any kind.

It has long been a question of grave consideration how the many complications arising out of the present convict system in Arkansas could be adjusted, and it will no doubt be a source of great relief to the public of that state generally to know that arrangements have now been consummated whereby the convicts are out of competition with free labor, and apart by themselves in a perfectly healthy, safe and most fertile section of the state, where they will no longer be a drain on the treasury of the state, but on the contrary turn into such deserving funds as the public schools and charity accounts a revenue of \$50,000 to \$100,000 above all expenses per annum.

JAMES T. FROST.

MRS. FRED GRANT.

She is the Social Lioness of New York's Exquisites.

Never did a woman achieve a greater social success in so short a time as Mrs. Frederick D. Grant has done in New York. Her success in the Austrian capital, where her career as a diplomat's wife was a triumphal march through exclusive society there, was, of course, duly reported by the members of the Four Hundred who came back from visits to that city. Hence, when she appeared in New York it was with a prestige already established. Both Mrs. Grant and her sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer, had very poor prospects years ago when their father, although related to some of the most exclusive people in the country, was overtaken by financial embarrassment. Hence they lived in practical seclusion for a time, and those who remember them then recall the warm attachment that always subsisted between the two sisters. Both of the girls, even in their retirement, received brilliant offers of marriage, and one millionaire was very anxious to add to his social importance by marrying his son to one or other of the girls. Both persisted, however, in declining the honor, so the millionaire took his boy to New York and married him off in the latter city. After that event both father and son died, and the widow now lives in great splendor on the fortune.

Louisiana's Parishes.

The history of Louisiana is prettily



THE COMPANY'S JUGGERIES.

an unconventional character sometimes regarded as criminal, but then, one can get used to anything, and the benefits which would accrue are not to be reckoned lightly.

In a word, the state of Arkansas has entered into an agreement with northern capital represented by Austin Corbin & Co. by which all the state's convicts are to be transferred into a sort of Garden of Eden where the mosquitoes bite not and the alligator does not pursue the festive pickaninny, writes a correspondent in a New York paper.

The spot chosen is a great farm situated on an island in Chicot lake, which is of a most peculiar formation, winding about the land as it does in the shape of a horseshoe, meeting at two extremities the Mississippi river. The water surroundings, of course, make the place an ideal one for the confinement of convicts.

These malefactors, instead of having to submit to the lockstep and close confinement of their northern brothers in crime, will work in the open air and will be well housed and well fed to such a degree that it is not believed they will try to escape, especially as their work will not be of a very laborious character.

Since the war the southern plantation owner has grown gray very young owing to the shiftlessness and absolute unreliability of the darkeys, on whose labor he has had to depend for conducting a cotton plantation on a profitable basis. He soon found that the negro would not work until he got ready, even if the crop went to ruin for the lack of some one to gather it.

With this idea in view the penitentiary commissioners of Arkansas, who comprise Governor Fishback, Attorney General Clarke and Secretary of State Armistead, after consultation with Mr. Corbin's representatives, decided to move all the convicts of the state to the Sunnyside plantation, on Chicot island.

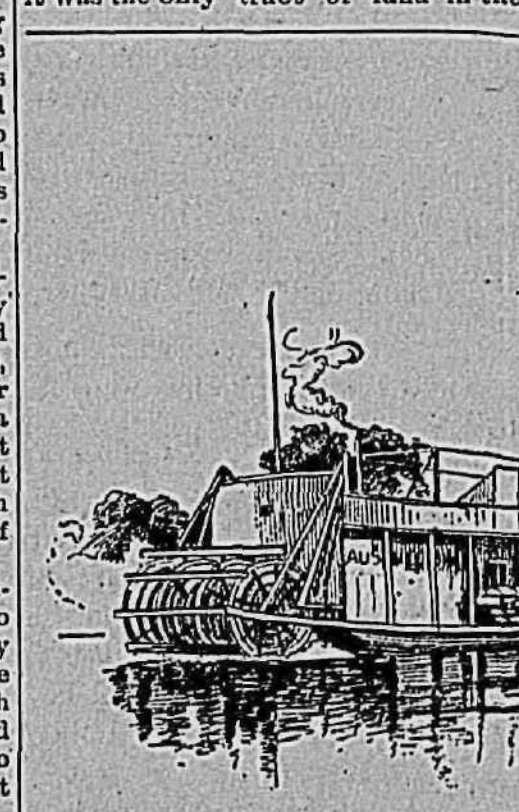
It has long been a problem with the southern planters how to reduce the cost of growing cotton, render their lands more productive and make money out of their product. Many years ago the southern planters were generally wealthy, comfortable and satisfied with the results obtained from raising cotton, but of late years this condition of satisfaction has been changed to one of discontent, and now they are unanimous in their belief that there is less money in the product than heretofore.

Directly responsible for this condition of affairs are the unsettled state and unreliable tendency of the colored farm laborer, the farmer's inability to give to his crop the proper attention at the all-important season, and the consequence, in most cases, that the cotton stalk is not fruited as it should

and the free and independent citizens as laborers and many other objectionable features in this system have proven so obnoxious and distasteful to people generally that it has been abandoned in quite a number of states, and others are undertaking to do away with it at as early a date as the contracts will permit.

The large area of land of the most fertile class uncultivated in the south from lack of planters renders the farm about the only place on which a convict can be worked where competition does not exist and where the revenue to be derived is far in excess of that under the lease system.

When negotiations were begun by the state of Arkansas for the lease of Sunnyside there was considerable opposition from certain sources, but a thorough investigation of the property led the state officials to conclude that it was the only tract of land in the



STEAMER AT LAKESIDE LANDING.

state that would answer all the purposes required and at the same time prove self-sustaining and profitable. It has heretofore been considered about the best the state could do to receive a revenue of \$30 to \$40 per annum for each convict able bodied and competent to do such work as coal mining, railroad building, etc., but the revenue thus derived was hardly sufficient to take care of the weaker class of convicts who were not physically able to work at anything.

It is estimated that by this arrangement with the Sunnyside plantation not more figures and that should be done, but from actual results obtained in past years in farming this land, a very good profit per year may be realized when all is in working order, it

outlined in the names of her parishes. A few Indian county names hint at the story of the aborigines; two or three Spanish names tell of De Soto and the Spanish occupation; several French names commemorate the French settlement of the region; and half a dozen names that honor early heroes of the United States tell of that wise stroke by which Jefferson added a vast territory to the possessions of his country.

The Dark Ages.

The Abbot Trithemius in the fourteenth century undertook to invent shorthand, but his tentacles on the subject were condemned and publicly burned as being filled with diabolical mysteries.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

La Grippe! Grippe! Grippe! After Effects Cured.

Mr. Diller writes: "I had had attack of the Grippe; after a time caught cold and had a second attack. It settled in my kidneys and liver and I felt such pain and misery in my back and legs! The physicians' medicine and other things did me no good, and I continued to grow worse until I was a physical wreck and given up to die. Father bought me a bottle of Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, and before I had used all of the second bottle I felt better, and to-day I am just as well as ever. A year has passed and not a trace of the Grippe is left."

Swamp-Root Saved My Life.
Dr. H. DILLON, Humeville, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1923.
At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Inc., Birmingham, N. Y.
50 West 4th Street, New York City.
43 Pills, 25 cents. — All Druggists.

CURES RISING BREAST.
"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest of all child-bearing women. I have been a mother for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" was used, the child was born healthy and without much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and works the best in the world.
MRS. M. M. DILLON, Montgomery, Ala.
Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle.
BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Sold by all druggists. ATLANTA, GA.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Ely's Cream Balm into each nostril.
Ely's Cream Balm, 25 Cents, 50 Cents, 1.00.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
COCOA and CHOCOLATE
Highest Awards (Medals and Diplomas) World's Columbian Exposition.
On the following articles, namely: DEBARK COCOA, PREMIUM NO. 1 CHOCOLATE, GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE, VANILLA CHOCOLATE, COCOA BUTTER.
"Excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
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"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.
BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.
The outer of this boot extends down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.
ASK YOUR DEALER and don't be put off with inferior goods.
COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
Consumptive and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has no equal. It is the best cure for Consumption.
Sold everywhere, 25c.

Future Sovereigns of the World.

Our readers may like to have before them a list of the heirs to the thrones of the world. We give below what we believe to be an accurate as well as a full list of all the chief heirs apparent and heirs presumptive to the crowns of important countries in Europe and Asia, except China. The date following the description of the heir is the year of his birth.

Austria-Hungary—Archduke Karl Ludwig, brother of the emperor; 1883.
Bavaria—Prince Luitpold, uncle of the king; 1821.
Belgium—Prince Philippe, count of Flanders, brother of the king; 1857.
Bulgaria—No heir.
Denmark—Prince Frederik, son of the king; 1843.
Germany and Prussia—Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, son of the emperor-king; 1882.
Great Britain—Albert Edward, prince of Wales, son of the queen; 1841.
Greece—Prince Konstantinos, son of the king; 1868.
Italy—Vittorio Emanuele, prince of Naples, son of the king.
Japan—Prince Yoshihito, son of the emperor; 1879.
Montenegro—Prince Danilo Alexander, son of the reigning prince; 1871.
Persia—Mazafar-ed-din, son of the shah; 1853.
Portugal—Prince Luis Philippe, duke of Braganza, son of the king; 1887.
Romania—Prince Ferdinand Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, nephew of the king; 1865.
Russia—Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the emperor; 1868.
Saxony—Prince George, duke of Saxony, brother of the king; 1832.
Siam—Prince Somdet Chulalongkorn, son of the king; 1873.
Spain—Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, sister of the king; 1850.
Sweden and Norway—Prince Gustaf, duke of Wermland, son of the king; 1858.—Sunny South.

Our Coins.
There are 119,300,000 old copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze 2-cent pieces were set afloat. Three millions of these are still outstanding. Three million 3-cent nickel pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very rarely that one is seen. Of 800,000 half cents, which correspond in value to English farthings, not one has been returned to the government for recoinage or is held by the treasury.

Maine leads northern and western states in the average production per acre of potatoes with 110 bushels.

What Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has done for others for nearly two generations it will do for you. If you will try it once you will be convinced that it is the best family medicine, and you will never be without it.

Over 600,000 cattle are annually slaughtered to make beef extract for soup.

The attention of base-ball players who receive wounds of one kind or another every day, from bat or ball, is directed to the fact that Salafin Oil is the best application for use for the cure of cuts, bruises and sprains. 25 cents.

The plant known to us as love-lies-bleeding is eaten as a vegetable in China. The young shoots of the mahogany are also served at table.

Home Seekers' Excursion.
The next Harvest Excursion via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y will leave Hannibal, St. Louis and Kansas City on Feb. 13, for which tickets will be sold to all points in Texas at half rates, limited for return to thirty (30) days from date of sale.
Similar excursions will be run March 13, April 14 and May 8.
For further information address your nearest ticket agent, or JAMES BARKER, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Bushel of Corn.
A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whisky, which retails for \$16. Out of this the government gets \$3, the railroad \$1, the manufacturer \$4, the vendor \$7, the farmer 40 cents, and the drinker the delirium tremens.

Hot Hauling in Nebraska.
There are four big markets within a half day's haul by freight of the hog-producing territory and two of those, Omaha and Kansas City, are among the largest packing points in the United States. At all of them the usual prices are those current the same day in Chicago, less the actual freight bill, and often the difference is less than that. The farmer with a car of hogs can go with them to the yards, sell them, pocket his cash, and reach home by a fast passenger train in from six to eighteen hours, for almost any point in the state, no matter how distant.
The selling price in Omaha to-day (January 10) is \$2.25 per cwt. And on several occasions within a year it has exceeded \$3.00. Once it touched \$3.75.
Don't such figures admit of a good, wide margin of profit?
Hog-raising and a hundred other items of interest to farmers is treated of in "Great Opportunities in Nebraska." Send for a copy. It's free. J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

The number of sheep at present owned in the United States is estimated at about 48,000,000.

One county in New Jersey sends to New York ten car loads of lettuce a day.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOES
equals custom work, costing from \$4 to \$8, best value for the money in the world. Name "W. L. Douglas" stamped on the bottom. Every pair guaranteed. Take no substitutes. See local papers for full description of our complete line of shoes for ladies and gentlemen or send for illustrated catalogue giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

I still have a few High Grade **FARM WAGONS** FOR SALE CHEAP. LLOYD EBERHART, JOLIET, ILL.
or Silver Spring, Md. with MARY. GOLD

DUE TO GHOST STORIES.

Two Girls Captured Each Other Instead of a Burglar.

It was a cold winter's evening, just such a one as nature gives for the proper coloring to stories of the imaginative character. Ghosts could be seen dancing and holding high carnival on the glistening snowbanks outside, and fairy forms and hobgoblins seemed to burst forth at every crack of the bright logs in the big open grate.

As we sat there in the parlor of the big farmhouse, watching the glowing logs, we fully bent ourselves to the surroundings, and our imaginations had full sway. Uncle Fred related long and blood-curdling yarns, which he had heard in the West; the girls told some wonderful ghost stories, and I fairly let myself loose in anecdotes of crime which had come under my observation as a police reporter, says a correspondent of the New York Journal.

When at last we went to bed, our minds were keyed up to a very high pitch, and I noticed that the girls used extra precautions that night in locking the doors and windows. The fact that a couple of suspicious looking tramps had been turned away earlier in the evening by my grandfather also tended to make us more than usually careful.

The girls retired to a V room, just at the head of the stairs, a great big chamber, such as is always set aside as the spare room, furnished with a big double bed with four old-fashioned high posts. My Uncle Fred and I slept in the low-ceilinged chamber, in the other wing of the house. A long, narrow hall winding around the top of the open staircase separated the two apartments.

Uncle Fred and I had been asleep about two hours when we were suddenly awakened by the sound of a struggle. For a moment we listened and then we heard a high soprano which we recognized as Flora's screaming—

"Help! Help! there's a man in the room!"

At the same instant another voice which we knew at once was Minnie's gave another and even more unearthly yell of "Help! He's killing me!"

Fred was on his feet in an instant and as he pulled his pistol out of the drawer I grabbed the lamp. It only took us a minute to rush out in the hall, but in that sixty seconds of space we heard enough to convince us that a most horrible sight would meet our eyes.

Around the hall we bounded and a kick from Fred sent the door of the girls' room bounding inward. He cocked the pistol and I shoved in the light. As the rays from the lamp shone around the apartment we failed to discern any trace of the man.

A glance at the bed told the story. Both girls were sitting upright. Flora and a light cry on Minnie's lips and a clutching of Minnie's hand with both hands. Both were screaming at the top of their voices and both were fast asleep.

It didn't take long to solve the mystery after getting the girls awake. Flora, in her slumbers, had dreamed of burglars and tossing about had grabbed Minnie by the hair. As she did so she dreamed she had caught a burglar and yelled. Minnie, who was also thinking of the ghost stories, instantly surmised that a robber had hor and in self defense she had grabbed Flora's hair. Both had pulled for dear life and yelled at the same time.

When the matter was explained at the breakfast table next morning, grandfather put an emphatic embargo on any more ghost stories.

Mary Magdalene in France.
Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles, in France, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent the last thirty years of her life. The legend, according to the Nouvelle Revue, runs that Mary Magdalene came from Judaea in a small boat, with Lazarus, Martha, the two Marys and Salome, bringing with them the body of St. Anne, the head of St. James the Less, and a few wee bones of the innocents massacred by King Herod.

Disabbling.
"John," said Mrs. Trimmies "there's a burglar in the house."
"Is there?"
"Yes, Oh, John, I do believe it's Jack the Slasher."

"Of course you do. And I suppose you want me to go down and see him and come back and tell you how he looks and all about him. I'm not going to do it. I've got something to do besides gratifying your idle curiosity."
And John turned over and went to sleep.

His Experience.
Mr. Fry—You must have had some peculiar experiences in your army practice, Dr. Lanot.
Dr. Lanot—Very. I have noticed, for example, that some of the patients who did the least fighting during the war have done the most bleeding since.—Life.

The Almighty Dollar.
Mrs. Newrich—I want a first class passage to Havre.
The Agent of the Standard Line—Yes, ma'am.
Mrs. Newrich—And I insist upon having a smooth passage, no matter what the cost.—Chicago Record.

A Flint-Lock in the Bay.
While L. H. Eccleston, of Lafayette, was dredging for oysters in the bay waters of Wickford bay, recently, he captured an ancient flint-lock musket that was entirely encrusted with growing bivalves.

Alabama miners run a newspaper.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.
I sincerely love little children, but they fret me as much as musketeers do.

He who elevates his profession in the best mechanic, whether he preaches the gospel, pleads law or skins cats for a living.

A man has no right to be proud even of a good deed. Let him humble himself before it, for he can't tell how long it will be before he will do a mean one.

Cunning and wisdom are often confounded; but there is nothing so plenty as cunning, nor nothing so scarce as wisdom.

Men of real knowledge are more anxious to get sum more than they are to show what they have got.

A young flatterer is very apt to end in being an old knave.

If you are going to make amusements a steady business, chasing butterflies is just as sensible as any.

All those men who have acquired a fortune and kept it, owe more to economy than to shrewdness.

I never have known, nor never expect to know, a lazy man who did not attribute all his misfortunes to bad luck.

Civilizing an injun is a good deal like educating a crow—it can be done, but their genius all seems to run toward lazy deviltry.

Don't sigh enny man's note, nor even yure own.

The wages of sin are just what the devil takes a noshun to pay.

There is lots of people who; if they should miss their morning paper, wouldn't be much of anything for that day.

A good companyun is one who ministers to our foibles, and who is willing to be gently snubbed at enny time.

Connubial bliss consists in being tied fast to yure wife's apron strings, and paying promptly all her bills.

Orchards.
Plant, encourage your neighbor to plant. It takes a day of work to get a tree, a week of apples—orchards pay. Stark Bros. share or co-operative orchards furnished without money—an investment for credit to do, as well as for men of limited means and providing orchards, which otherwise they might never get. A great orchard system on thorough, business-like plans—nothing new before attempted. We practice what we preach, show our faith in our orchards, in our trees—two million trees, co-operative 6 per cent plan, already planted; over two million—over 100,000 acres, extra plan and adding over half million a year. Farms with orchards doubling in value annually; a sure income. Our helps enable beginners to succeed. Write us. See adv. in another column this paper.

Price of Cicero.
In 1287 a teacher in Florence had his house burned and built a new residence by selling two volumes of Cicero.

1,410 POTATOES PER ACRE.
This astonishing yield was reported by Mr. Hahn, of Wisconsin, but Salzer's potatoes always get there. The editor of the Rural New Yorker reports a yield of 730 bushels and 8 pounds per acre from one of Salzer's early potatoes. Above 1,410 bushels are from Salzer's new seedling "Hundredfold." His new early potato, Lightning Express, has a record of 503 bushels per acre. He offers potatoes as low as \$2.50 a barrel, and the best potato planter in the world for but \$2.

If You Will Cut This Out and Send It, with the postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive free of cost his mammoth potato catalogue and a mailing of sixteen-day "Get There, Eli," radish.

First European Library.
The first public library in modern Europe was founded by Nicholas Nicoli, a Florentine, in the fifteenth century.

The BUREAU of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which is usually the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results by its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

Alabama miners run a newspaper.

Whalebone has been selling as low as \$2 a pound in New Bedford. The decline is due to the unprecedented catch of the whaling vessels in the Arctic ocean last winter.

Asthma Sufferers.
"Who have in vain tried every other means of relief, should try 'Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.' No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. As a single trial proves. Send to Dr. H. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package, but ask your druggist first."

The catnip is a native of America, and so named from a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

\$100 Reward \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and curing the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: J. C. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

Much Made.
Money stringency is not the only cause of hard times, and it takes very little money to make a good deal of happiness as the following show: Mr. R. B. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., writes that he was afflicted with rheumatism for several years, and physicians gave him no relief. Finally he was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil and it cured. During his illness he had spasms and was not able to live. This points a way to many who think times hard, but who can find an easy way out of their troubles.

One district in Tennessee exports annually over 10,000 quarts of black berries.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

Experiments were made in New York with Edison, Brush and Sawyer systems in 1873.

Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt! Use **ST. JACOB'S OIL** You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

GET THERE ELI! CUT THIS OUT and send it with the postage and get a \$2.50 PER ACRE sample of our "Get There Eli" Radish, for use in 10 days and our Mammoth Farm Seed Catalogue or the for catalogue and 10 Farm Grain Samples or the for catalogue and 10 Farm Grain Samples. We are the largest growers of Farm Seeds, Potatoes, Grasses and Clover Seeds, etc., in America. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

SUMMER SNOW for 60 years, the one hardy peach; comes true from seedling peaches are hardiest—stands 10 to 15 deg. more cold than others; 30-year-old trees still bear—BEAR WHEN OTHERS FAIL. If interested in Trees, Fruits, Roses, Ornamentals, write for Orchard Book, Guide, prices—will save you money, and MORE mistakes. A Pointer—Vineyard, but, applies to all fruit trees—\$2.00. OLD OAK PROCESS Whole Root trees are carefully propagated regardless of cost by the old hova method that gives fruitful, long-lived trees. They "live longer and bear better."—See our literature. They grow—one customer planted 16,800 without losing a tree. You can't better buy prices, not equally good for less money; ours are the LOWEST PRICED NURSERY in U. S. for good stock—sent worldwide during 60 YEARS. Read the thousands of letters from customers who order year after year. Men do not as a rule send the second, third, and even the 20th order. If not fairly dealt with. YOUR ORDER—we want it, whether for one tree or one million; because we have the stock to fill 10,000 acres Nurseries. Tested and hardy; 1st Choice, sorts—50,000 Acres Orchards in U. S. Write everywhere, ship all Winter—13 Cool Storage orchards. Free Pecking; Free EXTRA COUNT (11 for 10). FREE FREIGHT. STARK BROS' NURSERIES & ORCHARDS CO., 322 Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill.

Patents, Trade-Marks, At 1/4 Price

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or "How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'BRIEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thatcher, Gunn, Higgins, Thayer, being Mechanics, Druggists, etc., CHICAGO ILL. CO., Chicago, Ill.

It is admitted with every eye use (Thompson's Eye Water).

Astor women have \$3,000,000 in jewels.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Apples cost 30 cents a dozen at Houston, Texas.

"Hanson's Single Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The oldest known poem is the song of Miriam.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incurable Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.00.

Henry IV. of France had "cat ague," or trembling whenever a cat was in sight.

Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. G. G. Clark Co. N. Y. City.

Voltaire was afraid to sleep in the dark, and invariably woke if his candle went out.

The evils of malarial disorders, fever, weakness, lassitude, debility and prostration are avoided by taking Beecham's Pills.

Madri—'s Address.
The Emperor's leading physician, dying, composed that beautiful Russian soul which Pope translated into English.

THROW IT AWAY.
There's no longer any need of a doctor, chimney, chafin, Trusses, which give only partial relief at best, never cure, but often inflict great injury, inducing inflammation, strangulation and death.

HERNIA (Breach), or Rupture, no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and permanently cured without the knife and without pain.

Triumph in Conservative Surgery is the cure of TUMORS, Ovarian, Fibroid and other cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS, however large, without pain, promptly cured without resort to the knife.

STONE, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, and washed out, thus avoiding cutting.

STRICTURE also removed without cutting. Abundant References, and Pamphlets on above diseases, sent gratis, in plain envelope, 10 cts. stamp. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 5.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1887
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OUT ON TIME APRIL 2, 1891.

THE TREVORCE
JAMES L. BURKE, Pub.
LAKES VILLA ADVOCATE
WADSWORTH BLACKBIRD

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
From the Press of The Antioch News.

Where the P. O. address of a subscriber has been changed and no notice of the same received at this office we will in no manner be responsible for the safe delivery of their paper until they have enabled us to make the proper corrections on our books by furnishing their change of address.

Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address in FULL.

NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost. J. J. BURKE, Publisher, Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

For County Treasurer,

JAMES MURRIE,
Of Millburn.

CORNETT gave Mitchell what everyone but Mitchell expected.

The latest theory is that Dr. Cronin died of kidney trouble. A very sudden death however.

The London press, commenting on the recent defeat of Pugilist Mitchell, does not afford much comfort for the bruised feelings of the "boasted Britisher."

The tariff tinkers are at work on the Wilson bill and will probably pass it in an amended form. When the senate gets through amending it its own mother would fail to recognize it.

HAVING defeated Champion Mitchell in a three round contest at Jacksonville and thus securing the championship belt of the world, James J. Corbett should now draw the color line and refuse to meet the colored pugilist Peter Jackson in the prize ring.

ANOTHER shooting affair took place in Chicago Friday last. Alderman Mulvihill of the seventh ward was shot in a saloon on the west side. This eminent law maker was evidently where those who are commissioned to keep the peace are forbidden to go.

and the... J. J. BURKE, of the Antioch News, launched in the *Patent* this week. The eminent editor of these two distinguished periodicals must not get each other by the ears. —*Register*

Correct you are, brother Dunn, for that would be taking a mean advantage of a Waukegan editor.

The position taken by Mayor Hopkins, of Chicago, in regard to the contest in the late mayoralty election in which he refuses to contribute to a defense fund or be a party to a counter charge of fraud on the part of the republicans, must commend him to the respect of all fair minded people, both democrats and republicans.

Bond buyers need not worry about the safety of investing in the last issue of government bonds, as there is no doubt but what the investment is perfectly safe. The secretary of the treasury is the only party who need be watchful in the case. The law of 1875 plainly designates to what use money may be put when raised by a bond issue. But whatever becomes of the money the validity of the bonds is beyond question.

The commissioners appointed to examine the condition of the government vaults report that the vaults of the principal banking houses of New York are in a better condition to withstand the attacks of burglars than are those of the treasury department. The three experts who examined the government vaults, as well as many other safes and vaults of private banking houses, found out one treasure box into which they could not force an entrance.

Two brave and unflinching men, with winchester rifles put to flight a mob at Mansfield, Penn., Saturday. The mob was bent on the destruction of their property and Frank Williams and Thomas Beadling decided to protect the Beadling mines. The mob was perhaps five hundred strong when they came to the mines above mentioned, and were not a little surprised at meeting with resistance. They fled at the fourth volley leaving several of their number wounded and one dead. This act on the part of Williams and Beadling has doubtless taught these ignorant people a lesson which they would never have learned in a court of justice. A little courage and prompt action on the part of the law abiding citizens is sufficient to teach such people as form mobs that they know not what they are doing.

Whether or not G. H. Painter was guilty of the crime for which he was executed January 23, will doubtless always remain more or less shrouded in uncertainty. Never in the history of the criminal cases of Chicago, have such strenuous efforts been made to save a man from suffering the

death penalty as in this instance. Governor Altgeld has remained unmoved, although overwhelming evidence has been placed before him of the uncertainty of Painter's guilt. Doubtless had the anarchists taken sides with the prisoner he would have gone free.

Irene Kennedy.

(In loving remembrance of Irene Kennedy who departed this life January 1, 1894.)

Another one we've laid to rest
Beneath the cold dark sod;
Another one we hope is blest
By the true love of our God.
God in His kindness doth recall,
The one His love has given;
And though her memory lingers here,
The soul is at rest in heaven.

One more loved one from us has gone,
A voice we long for, now is still.
A place is vacant in our home
Which no one else can fill.

Do not think it is the loved one
We have placed beneath the sod;
It is only the worn out body,
For the soul has fled to God.

Do not weep, oh, loving parents,
For the loved one that has gone,
For now she is an angel bright
Among that heavenly throng.
—*Cousin Maude.*

EDITORIAL DRIFTWOOD.

Matters and things as they appear to our Brothers of the Craft.

A Last Resort.

If Peckham falls of confirmation there is Judge Call, of Florida, who is clearly Democratic. —*Inter Ocean.*

Not Interested.

In a personal war between Grover Cleveland and Senator Tillam, Republicans will take but little interest. Both are Democratic sluggers. —*Inter Ocean.*

Free Advertising.

It would have cost the Duval Club and the pugilists a round \$500,000 to have got the advertising that Governor Mitchell gave them gratuitously. —*Inter Ocean.*

Not half as sick as the Party.

Congressman Wilson may be "sick" as reported, but he doesn't feel one-half as sick as the Democratic party, which is trying to swallow his tariff dose. —*Inter Ocean.*

There are only a few.

With the exception of Federal officeholders we have not heard a man in Montana say he was a Cleveland Democrat since last July. People generally are tired of such Democracy. —*Glen Falls Leader.*

Bristling with Guns.

Europe is everywhere bristling with guns and armored cruisers. She has done but little else for the past few years, but prepare for war. Thus far no leading nation has the courage to begin the shooting. —*Inter Ocean.*

Held up a Street Car.

A Racine street car was held up by masked burglars on last Monday evening and the cash box, containing between \$20 and \$25 was secured. It was an exceedingly bold affair and as yet no arrests are made. —*Union Grove Enterprise.*

Placed on Free List.

Professor Wilson is looking sharp after the interests of his friends and it would be just as well to insert a little clause in his tariff bill, "Second hand thrones on the free list." Mrs. Lill may need to emigrate and bring her throne along. —*Inter Ocean.*

Dole Must be Dull.

President Cleveland thinks it a great piece of impudence in a man like Dole, who has been in Hawaii for thirty years, to know more about the islands than his "Paramount" agent who went there on purpose to study them, and spent two months and more lying around the headquarters of the ex-queen and her adherents. —*Inter Ocean.*

Very Unfortunate, Indeed.

It is unfortunate we think, that it has been decided by the Democrats of the House to tack the income tax to the Wilson bill. While it is not probable that it will defeat the Wilson bill in the House, it may endanger it, and there is no good reason for such tactics. Every tub should stand on its own bottom. —*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Bound for the Morgue.

If outward signs are not deceptive, Mr. Peckham will be disposed of by the senate with great celerity. The delay over Hornblower was caused by a gentle feeling around on the part of Senator Hill. He claims to know where he stands now and he gives out the announcement that Mr. Peckham will be in the Cleveland morgue before another week rolls over us. —*Commercial Advertiser.*

No Right to Issue Bonds.

The full report of the House committee on judiciary questioning Secretary Carlisle's bond policy was presented to the House by Representative Bailey (Dem., Texas) tonight. It is an elaborate review of the law in the case and a conservative but decided statement of difference of opinion with Secretary Carlisle. The report states that it appears too clear for argument that the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to issue bonds only

to enable him to provide for the redemption authorized by the resumption act. The construction heretofore has been acquiesced in by all men and all parties. The fact is pointed out that in his annual report the Secretary did not consider himself authorized to sell bonds or use their proceeds for the expense of the government. Special attention is given to the argument of the secretary before the committee that money in the treasury not otherwise available could be used for paying bonds. The report says that the proceeds of a bond issue are "otherwise available" as the resumption act specifically limited those proceeds to redeeming bonds.

A STORY ABOUT A PARROT.

How It Lost Its Voice, People should Profit by his Experience.

Not many years ago an eccentric old gentleman lived alone in a sort of a hovel on a side street in one of our large cities. His appearance was odd; his speech was odd; in fact everything about him was singularly strange. Inside his dwelling everything was in harmony with the old man's apparent nature. The furniture was of an antique pattern and the floors were carpeted with well worn mats and skins of animals. A few old and dust covered volumes, visibly worse from wear, stood on the shelves. I have said that this freak of human nature lived alone. Well he was not exactly alone. He had two pets, a dog and a parrot, both of which seemed as taciturn and unapproachable as their master. The trio seemed to be greatly attached to each other. But for all the parrot looked upon his master with feelings of something more than respect, not one syllable would he utter at the old man's request. Time rolled on and the boys, by running errands and doing odd jobs for him became somewhat acquainted with him, and would occasionally gain access to his lodgings. In the course of time he related to us in the following words, as nearly as I remember, how one act of the parrot's had served to change his entire life. Soon after starting out into the world to seek his fortune, this man concluded that a majority of the people of the world spent too much time talking about their neighbor's business and private affairs than to their own. About the time that he arrived at this conclusion an incident happened to the parrot which established the idea firmly in his mind. One day when everything was unusually quiet the parrot took it into his head to amuse himself at the dog's expense. When the dog had gone to sleep the bird suddenly called out "sick em." The dog roused up looked about him and seeing nothing laid down again. This amused the parrot and waiting a few moments he repeated the experiment. This time the dog did not move. The parrot, thinking he did not hear, climbed down from his perch and going nearer to him called out the third time. Still the dog did not show signs of life. The mischievous bird then went to within a few inches of the dog's ear and repeated the words in a louder tone of voice. This time the dog did wake up. When he got through with the parrot it was a sorry looking bird. Back to his perch he climbed and after pluming his few remaining feathers for several moments remarked very solemnly, "I know what's the matter with me, I talk too much."

The old man claimed that the parrot had not spoken since. Be that as it may, would it not be well if a few of the gossip mongers, with which every community is blessed, had as much sense as a parrot, and parrots are not supposed to have any reason.

Let three words ever reach the ears of one of these exaggeration machines those same three small words will soon grow to be a story of three chapters. If the recording angel above keeps an exact copy of each story at its different stages of growth, he must be compelled to use some sort of a check system, as the tale ordinarily loses all resemblance of the original after passing through the third or fourth tongue.

In 1815, a skeleton was dug up near Mazrino, Sicily, the skull of which was as large as a common wine cask. Each of the teeth weighed seven ounces.

Current Topics.

Charles Robinson, whose vigorous fight for political reform in New York has made his name well known to readers everywhere, comes out in the February number of the Chicago Magazine of *Current Topics* in a characteristic article on The Presidents Hawaiian message. Grover's policy with Queen Lili has caused a peek of trouble and what the "fighting politicians" will say will be awaited with interest. The magazine is a wonder for the price—15 cents—\$1.50 per year.

The Increase of Circulation.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean*, that great Republican newspaper, has not suffered by the recent era of financial depression but has gone right along adding to its foundation stones—a large and substantial circulation—with a stride that under the circumstances is truly wonderful. At one time additions to the subscription list were coming at the rate of 800 to 1,000 per day for the daily issue, and as high as 1,500 per day for the weekly *Inter Ocean*. The result of this is to place it easily at the head of the list of great Chicago newspapers. It is certainly a good, clean, family newspaper of the highest order.

"A Boy, \$1"

The acknowledgment of contributions for the relief fund received yesterday which will attract the most attention is this one: "A boy \$1." Who is he? Ask the recording angel. He has the name which was not given to the relief committee. At any time a dollar is a great sum to a boy; greater than ever in a time like this. That is why the angel has made sure of his name. But maybe his father gave it to him for that purpose? That may have been, to be sure, but it was his to give and he gave it in a spirit of true charity, asking no praise, concealing his identity. It was enough that the world know that it came from a boy, the most abused creature in the world, who has to bear not only his own sins, but those of which his elders imagine him guilty. It was out of this injustice to him that in one language boy is synonymous with rogue. Look at the etymology of the word in the dictionary. Let us do this boy justice. Whether he earned his dollar or not, he should have the credit for it. He wanted the will of the boy to be accepted for the deed. If it was not his dollar, he would make it the means of showing what he would have done had it been his. So he said; "Put it down—'A boy, \$1.'" The recording angel will remember that and it shall cover a multitude of sins.

Mr. Childs on Death.

The illness of George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Leader*, seems to grow more and more serious. Mr. Childs is now 64 years of age and his recovery from his present attack is doubtful. The great kindness and benevolence of Mr. Childs have endeared him to all who knew him, and it can be said that the death of no journalist today in this country would produce greater sorrow than that of Mr. Childs. To a party of friends whom Mr. Childs was showing over his splendid newspaper establishment a short time ago he said; "It is one of my comforts to know that I have arranged the machinery of this office from top to bottom so thoroughly that if I were to die tomorrow I would not be missed—everything would go on just as though I were here. And now that my life work is pretty nearly ended, the only thing that I am really desirous of is sudden death when my time is come." Being rallied a little on his disposition to contravene the highest aspirations of the Christian, Mr. Childs continued: "The only objection I have to the Episcopal prayer book is the clause which petitions for deliverance from sudden death. I do not want to suffer; I do not want to linger; I do not want to be a burden to my friends. I want to pass from earth suddenly." That he may live to enjoy many years of useful life is the wish of the world to which, he has imparted so much sunshine and sweetness.

Auction Sale.

The undersigned administratrix of the estate of Michael White, deceased, will sell at public auction to the highest responsible bidder, at her residence on the south side of Long Lake, on Saturday, February 3, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., the following described property to-wit: 1 horse 10 years old, 1 horse 7 years old, 1 mare 5 years old, 1 span colts 3 and 4 years old, 1 weanling colt, 1 yearling heifer, 7 cows coming in in March, 1 lumber wagon, 1 double buggy, 1 single buggy, 1 cutter, 1 pair bob sleighs, 1 mower, 1 hay rake, 1 plow, 1 drag, one half interest in Prairie City seeder, 1 hay rack, 1 cultivator, 1 fanning mill, 1 cauldron kettle, 1 grindstone, 1 cross-cut saw, 1 set work harness, 1 set single harness, 1 buffalo robe, 1 boat, 10 tons tame hay, 10 tons wild hay, 200 bushels oats, 1 extension table, 1 barrel churn.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of \$10 and under, cash; on all sums over that amount eight months will be given on approved notes with interest at 6 per cent. 2 per cent off for cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

The farm of 100 acres is for rent. WALTER WHITE, MARY WHITE, Auctioneer, Administratrix.

THE NEWS, ... ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

1875. NINETEEN YEARS YOU HAVE KNOWN 1894.
THE OLD BANKING FIRM OF
DAN HEAD & COMPANY,
Kenosha, Wisconsin.

It is with pride and pleasure that we are still

IN THE BANKING BUSINESS

Willing to forgive and forget the money that "you" took out of this that and the other Bank. Bring it in and deposit it in

DAN HEAD & COMPANY'S BANK,

and if we can see our way clear we may see proper to date your certificates back on all money withdrawn from this Bank.

We are paying 3 per cent per annum on all money remaining 6 months. 4 per cent per annum on money remaining 2 years. Interest however is paid every six months.

Good Real-estate Mortgages netting 6 per cent per annum

For sale at all times in sums to suit all persons.

We have for sale good City 5 per cent Bonds. Good Mfg 6 per cent Bonds.

Now unload that old Stocking, remove all that money you have under that Carpet, and either send or bring in this money that you withdrew from the Banks, and deposit it in D. H. & Co's Bank. In doing this we can loan to the Manufacturing Firms and this will allow them to start up and give work to thousands. In keeping this money in your homes you are bidding for Robbery and Murder. You can't tell what night you will be called upon to give up your money, and maybe your life. Thousands and thousands of good, honest men and women are Starving and you are to blame.

DELAY NOT

But open a Bank acct. with Dan Head & Co.

A. P. AMES, DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, TIN WARE,

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC,

Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH, ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

Ben Hamlin, Wagon and Carriage Repairing, Tank and Boat Building.

I am prepared to attend to all work in the above lines at reasonable prices. Lake Villa, Ill.

RIPAN'S TABLETS

REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPAN'S TABLETS are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Bilemness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Head Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Ripan's Tablets contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effective, and give immediate relief. Price—50¢ a box, 3 boxes 1 package (lowest). \$2. May be ordered through nearest druggist or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address THE RIPAN'S CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

OLD ELK BOURBON & PURE RYE

Shipped pure and unadulterated direct from the distillery. Pronounced a pure and wholesome tonic-stimulant by the medical fraternity everywhere. Gives life, strength and happiness to the weak, sick, aged and infirm.

If you cannot procure it of your druggist or liquor dealer, upon receipt of \$1.50 we will express prepaid to any address a full quart sample bottle of Old Elk Rye or Bourbon.

STOLL, VANNATTA & CO., DISTILLERS, Lexington, Ky.

J. H. S. LEE, SURVEYOR,

AND CIVIL ENGINEER. OFFICE IN NEW BANK BUILDING, Box 811. Waukegan, Ills.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE

16 to 50 inches high; pickets 2 1/2 and cables 1/2 inches apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware trade. Write for circular. DETALB FENCE CO., DEKALB, ILL.

—FOR SALE BY—

A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

WHY?

Taste of "Royal Ruby Port Wine" and you will know why we call it "Royal." A glass held up to the light will show why we call it Ruby. \$500 reward for any bottle of this wine found under two years old, or in any way adulterated. It is grand in sickness and convalescence, or where a strengthening cordial is required; recommended by druggists and physicians. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby," don't let dealers impose on you with something "just as good." Sold only in bottles; price, quarts \$1, pints 60 cts. Bottled by Royal Wine Co. Sold by Druggists everywhere.



—FOR SALE BY—

Rowling & Edwards,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL

MERCHANDISE,

Lake Villa, Ills.

Schad & Thorn,

Dealers in

STOVES, SHEET IRON,

Tin & Copper-Ware,

Pumps, Pipes, & Fittings.

We make a Specialty of

MILK CANS.

We are at all times prepared to furnish anything in the line of tinware, including

Have-troughs and Gutters.

The Shop is in charge of H. B. Schad,

who is a practical tinner, and prepared to do

GENERAL REPAIR WORK

PROMPTLY AND AT LOWEST RATES.

Call in and inspect our stock, and, when you need anything in our line, remember we are here to sell and will not be undersold.

SHOP WEST OF DEPOT.

Lake Villa, Illinois.

Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager,
817 GRAND AVENUE,
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

Miss Fekell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

The sleighing is passably good in this city.

Freight business at this point is on the increase.

Mrs. Dr. Keith has been spending a few days in this city, visiting friends.

There are twenty-three persons now in jail. There were recently twenty-six.

It is expected that the new Presbyterian church will be ready for dedication in March.

There has been so much thieving at South Waukegan that two guards are put on the street every night.

It is reported that the South Waukegan Land Co. have sold \$15,000 worth of lots within thirty days.

Schwartz, a beer bottler, was up before Justice Heath Tuesday on a charge of selling illegally. He was given a continuance.

Fred Porter, son of Francis M. Porter, was married in Chicago a short time ago. His many friends in this city congratulate him.

Deane Brothers, not paying their fines for illegal liquor selling, etc., are in jail. They have appealed to the appellate court for a writ of error.

There was a quantity of snow on the railroad tracks between here and Chicago Wednesday and a patent snow plow was sent to this city to clear them.

Mayor Partridge has sold a fine building lot on South State street to Clarence E. Smith for \$1,000. Mr. Smith will erect a handsome house thereon.

A card party was given at the afternoon and evening for the benefit of the Lake county hospital. Refreshments were served and tickets were sold.

Mr. Joseph H. Huff and Miss Mary A. Tierman were united in marriage at the Catholic church Wednesday evening. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tierman and the groom is well known in this city.

A base ball game was played Tuesday night between the Wire Worker's Club and the Y. M. C. A. Club. There was a good attendance. The Wire Workers won the game. The proceeds were \$38 and went to the Lake county hospital. They will play again in February.

Mr. McClannahan, the newly appointed postmaster took his position Saturday night, his commission having arrived during the week. Mr. Murry steps out with high honors. To his efforts is due our carrier service. He worked diligently to secure the required \$10,000 yearly income to the postoffice department.

During the cold weather of the past few days the Relief Society were busy assisting the needy with extra clothing. Most of the destitute are those who were employed at the Washburn-Moen works and people who are not accustomed to ask for aid and feel very sensitive about it. The wonder is that the company do not give them some assistance.

A. K. Merrill died Tuesday morning at the home of his daughter, in Superior, Wisconsin, where he had gone a few days previous to visit two of his children. The cause of his death was dropsy. Mr. Merrill was about seventy years of age and had resided here for several years. He was engaged in the livery business for some time. He left a wife and five children. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon from the residence of his son-in-law Francis M. Porter, and was largely attended.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have a little baby girl.

R. W. Clarkson is quite ill with pneumonia.

Ed. Besley started Monday for a trip to California.

Dr. W. W. Pearce has gone to Boston on a business trip.

County court began the trial of some Fort Sheridan liquor cases again Monday.

Solicitors for the several Chicago papers have recently been here soliciting subscriptions.

Peter McDermott will challenge his competitors to a horse race for \$100 a side, in the near future.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated by an entertainment at the Baptist church by the ladies society.

It is expected that at the next council meeting it will be decided whether the electric street railway and water franchise will be granted.

C. T. Heydecker has returned from Fulton, Ill., where he attended to the Modern Woodmen business for the month. He reports that \$144,000 was paid out last month.

Gust Nyland, an employe at the Washburn-Moen Works received a severe wound in the knee while hewing a timber. The wound was dressed by the company's surgeon, Dr. Cogswell.

The South Waukegan Land Association have sent 4,000 pounds of clay to a pottery firm to have it made up into drain tile and pottery. Good brick have been made of this clay and the association is anxious to find out what other uses it can be put to.

Another attempt was made to rob the Grand. The knob was wrenched off and the door unlocked, but Mr. Innes, the proprietor had taken the precaution to strongly brace the inside door, which prevented the entrance of the would-be thieves.

Charles Price died suddenly Friday. He had charge of the Keith place on State street. He had been out of health for some time. He went to the bath Friday morning and sat in a chair near the stove and at noon was found there dead. The probable cause was heart disease. He leaves a wife. He was sixty years of age.

Our Book Review.

"FROM SIDE STREETS AND BOULEVARDS," a collection of Chicago stories by Preserved Wheeler, for sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, price \$1.00. This very interesting work of 352 printed pages, neatly bound in cloth is the latest addition to our book review and one of the most interesting of the many series of good stories of the World's Fair City. The author has the happy faculty of not only holding the reader's attention to the end, but what is rarer among modern writers the stories "point a moral to adorn a tale." The book should find a place in every home and will be found both pleasing and instructive.

Collector's Notice.

I will be at Gray's Lake Tuesdays and at Lake Villa Wednesdays, to receive the taxes for the town of Avon.

W. T. KERN.

Appalling Loss of Life.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20.—Advices by the steamer Belgic, from China, include the announcement of the complete annihilation by an earthquake of the town of Kuchan, Persia. Twelve thousand persons were killed in the awful disaster. Ten thousand bodies had been recovered to date. The once important and beautiful city of 20,000 people is now only a scene of death, desolation and terror. Fifty thousand cattle were destroyed at the same time.

Auction Sale.

By virtue of authority of Geo. H. Kennedy, ex-officio chairman of town poor, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the premises on Tuesday, February 6th, at one o'clock p. m., the entire personal effects of the late Mary Ann Norton, consisting of household goods and a quantity of stove wood, also the house formerly occupied by the said Mary Ann Norton.

A. G. WATSON.

A Birthday Party.

The party given at the residence of Mrs. Charles Gauger, Friday evening, January 20, in honor of Mr. John's birthday, was one of the pleasantest events of the season. When a jolly crowd of young folks gathered together for a good time there is no limit to fun. Among those present were Misses Flora Phillips, Louise Hockney, Georgietta McDougal, Emma Buchman, May L. Romie, Emma Klopp, and Messrs. John Leach, R. Thompson, Robert Westlake, Harry McDougal, Roy Buffton, A. Buchman and several others. The company dispersed at an early hour in the morning, wishing John many happy returns of the day.

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Pen Pictures of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

To Our Correspondents.

As we go to press Wednesday noon of each week, it is necessary that all communications should reach this office not later than Tuesday evening.

Yours Respectfully,
J. J. BURKE.

GRASS LAKE.

Charles Herman paid a business trip to Chicago last week.

George Huber is now able to be out again after his severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Little, of Grunee, visited their parents here last week.

Short cuts are now being made by our people by crossing Fox Lake on the ice.

Mrs. Asa Little spent a few days in Chicago, the guest of her son, Mr. C. Goodridge.

William Ramaker and wife spent a few days of last week in Chicago. They contemplate going to Washington this week.

There is talk of another month of school and it is something that we are heartily in favor of. Miss O'Boyle, the teacher, deserves much credit for the very rapid progress the scholars are making.

TREVOR, WIS.

A large number of sheep are now being shipped to the Chicago markets.

S. D. Warner, of Antioch, made our town a business call last Monday.

The Woodman Camp at this place is rapidly increasing its membership. There were two applicants for adoption at the last meeting.

Rev. Taylor, a missionary in the interest of the Congregational church in south China, delivered an interesting lecture, pertaining to his work in that foreign field, in the Congregational church at Liberty.

Miss Belle Crowley, of Chicago, who has been visiting her sister at this place for some time, has recently returned to her business in the city. During her sojourn here she made many warm friends, whose hearty well wishes follow her.

Lake Villa.

Mr. Will Aines and son, of Hickory, were in town Monday.

Miss Alice White of Loon Lake, was in town Thursday of last week.

Bennie and Annie Sugar have been quite sick but are improving now.

Mrs. Raymond Sherwood is recovering from an attack of the scarlet fever.

Mrs. David Derby and Mrs. Geo. Welton were on the sick list last week.

Remember the school entertainment tomorrow, (Friday) evening at the church. Admission ten cents.

Mr. George Webb has rented a house in Antioch and he and his family take up their residence there in the near future.

A load of young people from the Lake Villa school visited the Gilbert school at Fort Hill, which is in charge of Miss Bessie Darby, last Monday.

Services in the church Sunday at the usual hours.

Mr. John Hetric of Waukegan, was on our streets Monday.

Dr. Andrews, the eminent Chicago surgeon, visited Lake Villa last Thursday.

Mr. George I. Strang has moved his barn to the lot where his house now stands.

School was closed Monday on account of the illness of the teacher, Miss Tina Welch.

The young people of Lake Villa gave Miss Cora Kapple a very pleasant surprise Saturday evening.

Mrs. Will Edwards will entertain the Ladies' Aid Society Wednesday afternoon February 7th. Everyone should come and help to make the meeting a success.

A good many Lake Villa people attended the funeral of Mr. George Thayer at Millburn Sunday. Mr. Thayer was a brother of Mrs. Geo. Webb of this place.

Rev. Martin occupied the pulpit Sunday morning and evening in the absence of the regular pastor, Rev. S. H. Wirsching. Mr. Wirsching has been having serious trouble with his throat, and his physician advised him not to make the trip to Lake Villa last week. He will probably be with us next Sunday. If not some one will be sent in his place.

Gray's Lake.

Business lively the present week.

Everyone enjoyed the convention concert.

Remember to subscribe for the Antioch News.

H. Paul Fairman of the News was here last Friday.

Mr. E. B. Neville is away on a trip to the north.

Miss Belle Kapple of Englewood is visiting at W. H. Smith's.

W. B. Higley left for the far west recently on a two weeks vacation.

There is considerable talk of another musical convention in the near future.

H. H. Neville went to Chicago Monday to look after the interests of the creamery.

Miss Edith Carpenter, who teaches school at Volo, was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Washburn Saturday.

There was a party at Graham's at Long Lake Tuesday evening. A number of our young folks attended.

Mrs. Dr. E. F. Shaffer returned from her trip to Ohio and Indiana Saturday night. Dr. Shaffer met her in Chicago.

Quite a party from Antioch attended the concert last Friday evening. The "midnight" train stopped for their accommodation.

Farmers should not leave their granaries unlocked nights. Several depredations have been reported as having occurred in this vicinity recently.

The representatives of the "Leader" who are here claim they sold more goods in Gray's Lake Saturday than were sold at the main store in Waukegan the same day.

Those interested in the musical convention recently held at Gray's Lake, wish to thank the friends from Antioch and elsewhere, who so kindly lent their aid toward making the concert a success.

Messrs. and Mesdames F. C. Wilbur, and George Thompson, and Mr. A. D. Buell gave a card party at Battershall's hall Tuesday evening. A large number of invited guests were present and a very enjoyable time was experienced.

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Caveats and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
Our Office is opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

THE SHERRY LUMBER YARD

Antioch, and Lake Villa, Ill.
**Lumber, Lime, Coal, Salt, Cement,
... Brick and Tile...**

We keep a well-selected stock of the above materials and solicit your patronage for the same.

Being over-stocked in certain lines we will make special price on all bills for immediate delivery.

HENRY SHERRY, Proprietor. CHAS. HARBAUGH, Manager.

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.
Miscellaneous Wants.
Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.
Wanted: everyone to know that our people's column is read by almost everyone and is therefore the best medium to make your wants known. Try it once and you will need no argument to convince you of the truth of this.
To Rent.
I have a tenant house and five acres of land situated four miles south-east of Antioch, which I would like to rent on reasonable terms. Apply to G. S. WEDGE, Waukegan, Ill.
An Owner Wanted.
Found in the Opera House, a new pair of mittens. Owner can have them by proving property and paying for this notice.
For Sale.
One of the choicest, eighty acre farms in town of Bristol, Kenosha Co., Wis. Inquire at the Antioch News office.
For Rent.
A farm of 231 acres near Millburn, for a term of years. For particulars call on or address JOSHUA WEDGE, Millburn, Ill.
Steam Launch For Sale.
33 feet long 8 feet wide, double shell, made of steel, 18 horse power engine, draws 3 feet of water and will carry 20 people with comfort, with a speed of 12 miles per hour. Will sell cheap. Boat can be seen at Camp Lake, Wis. Apply to L. E. LAMB.
Lost—Somewhere in the village on Wednesday of last week, a gold watch chain. Finder will please leave at the News office and oblige the owner.
House and Lot For Sale.
For Sale: A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ill.
Lake Property for Sale.
For Sale: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address: THE NEWS, Antioch, Ill.
Farm For Sale.
For Sale: A Farm of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Wilmet. \$250 will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ill.
For Sale.
Real estate mortgages running for a term of years. No expense to purchaser for assignments. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans.

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CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt, accurate and honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A handbook of information concerning patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.
Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice in the Scientific American and are put out to the inventor. This splendid newspaper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.
Holder's Edition, monthly, \$4.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new inventions, with plans, enabling builders to show the designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

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BE RELIEVED
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Relief For those who are suffering from
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of nervousness permanently cured in from
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and happiness. Send 12 cents for
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\$5.00 sent securely sealed from observation.
Address
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Chicago, Ill.

The Antioch News

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.



Seven persons were frozen to death in Oklahoma during the recent blizzard.

Mrs. J. B. Matson of Portland, Ind., was fatally burned by an explosion of gas in a stove.

Smallpox has been introduced into New Hampton, Iowa, by a man from Chicago visiting relatives.

Isaac N. Dawson of Wabash, Ind., convicted six weeks ago of setting fire to the barn of his father-in-law, William Ends, has been granted a new trial.

Yankton, S. D., breweries, closed by the prohibition law, are to resume operations, and a distillery consuming 2,000 bushels of corn will be built by Philadelphia men.

R. H. Campsen and Fred Miller and four others were drowned by a boat capsizing near Sullivan Island, S. C.

G. G. Goodale, a farmer, was found near Afton, Iowa, with his skull crushed in. He was evidently murdered, but there is no clew.

Public schools were closed and there will be no church services Sunday at Decatur, Ill., because of an epidemic of diphtheria.

A movement is on foot to consolidate the Philadelphia and New York committees of the Chicago & Northern Pacific railroad boardholders.

The Supreme court of Indiana has decided in favor of Stoddard, republican, in the shiriverty contest at Valparaiso. He was elected in the returns by 2 votes over Lego.

The Indian payment which has been going on in Black River Falls, Wis., was finished. The Indians have received \$34,750, being 1 per cent of their trust fund held by the government.

John Birdsell, a negro of Chicago, was sent to the county jail at Danville, Ill., for a year. He wanted to get in out of the cold and stole a blanket from in front of a store and then called an officer's attention to the act.

Mrs. Emil Keller while insane shot her husband, her 9-months-old child, and herself, in Auburn, N. Y. The husband was killed instantly; the mother and child will die.

Outlaw Jim Morrison, who made his escape from the mines in Alabama, was killed by Sheriff Dexter and Deputy Sheriff M. J. Kellum in a fight in the mountains.

J. J. Malone, late of Wisconsin, register of the Perry, Ok. land office, who is charged with being responsible for the majority of the frauds perpetrated on the Cherokee Strip settlers, has forwarded his resignation to Washington.

Trainmen found a girl in male attire at Tiffin, Ohio, with a companion whom she charged with abducting her. She proved to be Mattie Weeks, 16 years old, of Redo Farm, Mich., who disappeared five weeks ago. Her companion was arrested.

The case of Mayor Z. T. Dungan of Huntington, Ind., has been postponed indefinitely and will be dropped.

Controller Eckels has ordered an assessment of 100 per cent on the default Citizens' bank, Grand Island, Neb.

The fourth annual meeting of the Lake County Farmers' institute will convene at Crown Point, Ind., Jan. 26.

Postmaster Crane suspended Mail-carrier Pier for fifteen days at Duquenois, Iowa, for inability to people on his route.

C. H. Nichols, alias H. M. Cook, under arrest in Denver, Colo., is wanted in Cleveland, Ohio, on several forgery charges.

The site at Lapeer, Mich., for the new home for those of feeble mind has been definitely decided on by the board at Lansing, Mich.

The Heine Safety Boiler company of St. Louis was sued for \$20,000 by the Kalamazoo Electric company for damages on a defective boiler.

Every indication seems to point to George W. Childs' recovery.

The Watson railroad at Roanoke, Ind., was robbed of several hundred dollars and tickets.

A stranger, calling himself John Smith, cut his throat at Menominee, Mich., and will die.

Charles Nord shot and killed himself at Jacksonville, Ill. He was despondent over business affairs.

Edith Goodman of Key West, Iowa, was seriously injured in a fight with a wildcat and is not expected to live.

Mrs. John Braddock has just died at Slabtown, Pa., aged 120 years. She was a Russian refugee, escaping forty years ago.

John Kull of Ridgewood, L. I., at 60, his wife with an ax and then drowned himself in a cesspool. The woman may recover.

A. P. Williams, assignee of the defunct Thayer bank at Sparta, Wis., will begin payment of a 10 per cent dividend.

Controllor Eckels has authorized the First National bank of Phillipsburg, Mont., which was suspended some months ago, to resume business.

Ed. D. Davis, a prominent negro of Greenville, S. C., and his wife were murdered by unknown persons.

The Kansas Editorial association's annual meeting was brought to a close at Hutchinson by a banquet.

Trial of ten white caps at Columbus, Ind., has been set for March 5.

In a quarrel at Atlanta, Mich., John Munn struck Richard Garrett with an ax. Garrett will probably die.

A carload of beef donated by Swift & Co. of Chicago to the poor of Ashland, Wis., has arrived. Families are given tickets, bearing the number of members in each family, and the meat is being dealt out proportionately.

Wash Atkins was sentenced in Charleston, W. Va., to be hanged for the murder of his uncle, Isaac Radford.

Twelve boys escaped from the reformatory at Laurel, Va.

Six persons escaped from the county jail at Searcy, Ark.

The schools are closed at Locust township, Ill., because of an epidemic of diphtheria.

The Elkins trial was ended at Bryan, Ohio, and the prisoner was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The old soldiers of eastern Nebraska will hold a reunion at Tecumseh, Neb., during the latter part of August.

C. M. Wilson has been identified at Greeley, Colo., as A. C. Knowlton, the absconding treasurer of Knox township, Vinton county, O., and placed under arrest.

The jury disagreed at Marshalltown, Iowa, in the case of Horace Hill for false imprisonment against S. K. Ernst, in connection with the murder of Anna Wiese.

John Clark died at Cairo Ill., from wounds inflicted by John Bennett. Both are colored. They quarreled on the steamer State of Missouri, where the attack occurred.

Frank S. Donaldson, a lawyer, was sentenced at Grand Rapids to one year in jail and to pay a fine of \$500 for collecting money for clients and appropriating it to his own use.

M. H. Smith, president of the Bank of Sterling, was sentenced at Sterling, Colo., to three years in the penitentiary for receiving money on deposit after he became insolvent.

BISMARCK THEIR IDOL

Berlin Excited Over the Expected Arrival of the Prince.

BERLIN, Jan. 26.—As the time approaches for the arrival here of Prince Bismarck on his visit to the emperor the excitement caused by the announcement that he is surely coming increases in intensity and permeates all classes. A report gained currency yesterday that the ex-chancellor would reach the city early in the day. Thousands of persons credited the report, and at noon Unter den Linden and the Lehrte railway station, where his highness will alight on his arrival from Friedrichsruhe, were crowded with people anxious to lend their voices to the cheers which will welcome the aged statesman to the city that has witnessed so many of his triumphs. They were disappointed, for the prince did not come, but this fact did not dampen the pent-up enthusiasm of the crowd, many of whom declared that they would remain until he did arrive, so as to give him a hearty welcome. At 12 o'clock a large number of the members of the Landtag left the parliamentary building, all expressing great eagerness to ascertain if Prince Bismarck had left Friedrichsruhe. A grand procession will be formed to welcome him.

The people of Berlin will not be the only persons who will welcome the ex-chancellor. Trains arriving at the various stations are bringing from all parts of the country thousands of people who intend to take part in the demonstration. It is doubtful if any event in recent years in Germany has created such widespread enthusiasm as the visit of the prince.

THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Statement of the Assets and Demand Liabilities Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The statement of the United States treasury showing the classified assets of the treasury and demand liabilities yesterday is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Gold coin and bullion.....	\$144,041,160
Silver dollars and bullion.....	337,297,420
Silver dollars and bullion, act July 14, 1890.....	153,083,912
Fractional silver and minor coin.....	15,615,761
United States notes.....	97,185,321
United States treasury notes.....	2,834,392
Gold certificates.....	108,950
Silver certificates.....	7,024,123
National bank notes.....	15,165,013
Deposits with national depositories.....	
General account.....	11,943,971
Disbursing officers' balances.....	3,022,833
Total.....	\$736,018,025

LIABILITIES.	
Gold certificates.....	\$ 77,237,769
Silver certificates.....	836,045,504
United States Treasury notes.....	158,072,151
Currency certificates.....	44,075,000
Disbursing officers' balances, agency accounts, etc.....	43,761,917

Declared Against Milan.

BELGRADE, Jan. 26.—One hundred and six of the radical members of the skupschina have signed a manifesto declaring that ex-king Milan has broken his word and that his presence in Serbia is illegal. The radicals also protest against ex-king Milan's interference in the affairs of Serbia.

Third Victim of the Tragedy Dead.

ACBURN, N. Y., Jan. 26.—The Keller infant which was shot by its mother Thursday night died last evening, making the third victim of the tragedy. Father, mother and child will be buried together to-morrow. The coroner's jury found that the mother committed the murders and suicide while insane.

Failed for \$200,000.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., Jan. 26.—A. M. Leach, a prominent lumberman, has failed. Liabilities, \$200,000; assets, \$50,000.



FRIDAY, JANUARY 26.

HOUSE.

Filibustering in the house was resumed this morning.

A lively tilt occurred between Mr. Reed (rep. of Maine) and Mr. Bynum (dem.) of Indiana. It was a question of improper quotation, Mr. Reed charging Mr. Bynum with having so misquoted a statement of his (Reed's) as to destroy its force. Mr. Bynum denied that by leaving off a portion of the sentence he had destroyed the sense of Mr. Reed's expression.

The house then went into committee of the whole on the tariff bill. Some unimportant amendments, proposed by Mr. Wilson (dem.) of West Virginia, were agreed to without debate.

An amendment offered by Mr. Alderson (dem.) of West Virginia providing that precious stones of all kinds, cut but not set, shall pay a duty of 30 per cent ad valorem; on precious stones, if not especially provided for in this act, including pearls, set or strung, 35 per cent ad valorem; on uncut precious stones, 15 per cent ad valorem was adopted.

Mr. Outhwaite offered an amendment to the tinplate schedule, the object of which was to reduce the tariff from one and one-fifth cents per pound to one cent.

Mr. Dalzell (rep. Pa.) spoke earnestly for protection of the tinplate industry.

Mr. Breckinridge (dem., Ky.) offered a substitute, putting tinplate on the free list, and spoke in favor of his proposition.

Mr. Coombs (dem., N. Y.) opposed Mr. Breckinridge's amendment.

Mr. Dolliver (rep. Iowa) sent to the clerk's desk and had read a letter from a democratic manufacturer saying that within a year or two, if the present law is not interfered with, the people could use American tinplate instead of rotten English tinplate.

Mr. Simpson (pop., Kan.) supported the amendment to put tinplate on the free list.

After further discussion Mr. Breckinridge offered to withdraw his amendment, but objection was made by Mr. Johnson (dem., Ohio). Then the amendment was voted down—yeas, 30; nays, 184.

The question was then taken on an amendment offered by Mr. Dalzell (rep. Pa.) to substitute the tinplate paragraph of the McKinley law for that in the pending bill and it was defeated—80 yeas and 144 nays. Mr. Outhwaite's proposition was divided and the question was first taken on reducing the rate from 1 1/5 cents a pound to 1 cent. It was rejected by 77 yeas to 130 nays. The second part of his amendment, providing that no rebate shall be allowed, was also defeated without a division.

Mr. Boutelle (rep., Maine) moved to substitute the lumber paragraph in the McKinley act for that reported in the Wilson bill, and made an argument in support of that amendment.

Mr. Oates (dem., Ala.) replied to Mr. Boutelle, and quoted against his argument the bills to allow lumber free of duty in the case of the great fires in Chicago and Eastport.

Mr. Shaw (rep., Wis.) spoke of the "theoretical" position of the committee on ways and means that lumber was a raw material, and asked the majority members of that committee if they did not know that 60 per cent of the output of lumber had received its last touches as a manufactured product. Lumber was the largest industry of the country. And if any class of workmen were more entitled to protection than 300,000 engaged in the lumber industry he would like some gentleman to state what class that was.

After further discussion the lumber schedule went over, and the house took a recess.

The speakers of the evening were: For the bill—Representatives Martin (Ill.), De Armond (Mo.), Dunn (N. J.), Pittman (Ill.), Terry (Ark.), and Dismore (Ark.). Against the bill—Representatives McCas (Mass.), Adams (Pa.), Hartman (Mont.), Phillips (Pa.), Hargen (Wis.), and Heiner (Pa.).

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

HOUSE.

There was a slim attendance on the floor and only a fair attendance in the galleries when the house met at 11 o'clock to-day. Mr. Haines of New York made the point of no quorum. The roll was then called.

Mr. Outhwaite, from the committee on rules, brought in a special order providing that on Monday, as soon as the house is resolved into committee of the whole and not before that time, it shall be in order to offer an amendment to the pending bill H. R. 3,442 (the internal revenue bill reported from the committee on ways and means); that said amendment shall be open to general debate during Monday and Tuesday, and thereupon to consideration under the five-minute rule (not less sooner disposed of) until the bill H. R. 3,442 is reported to the house; that all provisions of the original order as to daily hour of meeting, as to night sessions and all other matters not inconsistent with this amendment are continued up to and including Thursday, Feb. 1, 1894.

Mr. Cochrane (dem.) of New York, the spokesman of the opponents of the income-tax bill, asked that debate under the five-minute rule begin at 2:30 Tuesday and continue to the same on Wednesday. Objected to.

The previous question being ordered,

the resolution was agreed to—but one vote being given against it—that of Mr. Cochrane.

At 11:46 the house went into committee of the whole to consider the Wilson tariff bill, and Mr. Richardson (dem.) of Tennessee took the chair. There was pending when the house took a recess yesterday an amendment offered by Mr. Boutelle (rep.) of Maine, substituting the lumber schedule of the McKinley bill for the corresponding section of the Wilson bill.

Mr. Boutelle (rep.) of Washington, spoke against the lumber schedule of the Wilson bill, and Mr. Haines (dem.) of Iowa defended the provisions of the bill.

Mr. Boutelle's motion was defeated—70 to 112.

The committee then up the lead schedule, an hour being reserved for its consideration. Mr. Morgan (dem.) of Missouri proposed an amendment reducing the duty on white lead from 1 1/2 cents to 1 cent a pound, and that on lead pipe, shot and sheets from 1 1/2 cents to 1 cent a pound, and making all lead ore, including that carried in silver ore, 1 cent a pound.

LAW FOR PENSIONERS.

No Suspensions Without First a Hearing of the Case in Court.

DES MOINES, Jan. 26.—Bills were introduced in the senate this morning as follows: Providing for the manufacture and sale of liquors; governing building and loan associations; requiring United States flags to be placed on all school houses in Iowa; regulating payment of wages to minors; to protect makers of notes; providing for the manufacture and sale in original packages of intoxicating liquors.

In the house this morning the judiciary committee reported favorably the Chassell bill changing the hour of convening the legislature from 2 p. m. to 10 o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Blanchard's resolution asking that a law be passed by congress preventing the suspension of pensions without a hearing in the courts was adopted by a strict party vote.

HOME-RULE PLAN.

It Provides for the Formation of Five Great National Councils.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—The Speaker, Gladstone, gives the outlines of the plan for home rule proposed from the headquarters of the unionists and favored by eminent Tories. This plan is now under consideration by both sections of the Irish party with a view to making it a unionist plan for solving the question at the next general election. The proposals are: The abolition of the castle and the lord lieutenantcy, the formation of five national councils, two for England and one each for Ireland, Scotland and Wales, the endowment of a Catholic university for Ireland and the establishment of four provincial councils in Ireland similar to the English county councils.

LITTLE HOPE FOR CHILDS.

Condition of the Sick Philanthropist Takes Very Serious Turn.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 26.—The condition of Mr. George W. Childs this morning is practically unchanged. The hopeful reports which have been issued by the attending physicians having giving way to those of a more serious nature. While the patient rested fairly well during the latter part of the night, he has not recovered from the serious turn which was manifest about midnight. Two physicians are in constant attendance at his bedside.

Mr. Childs' condition at noon was reported as being very critical.

BOSTON HAS A BLIZZARD.

Ten Inches of Snow and Sharp Winds Arouse the Inhabitants.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 26.—The biggest storm of the year struck New England last night about 12 o'clock. This morning ten inches of snow had fallen and the wind was blowing a regular blizzard. As yet there are no signs of abatement.

The storm seems to extend all over New England. The Central Vermont trains from the north, the Portland trains from the east, the Atlantic express from Albany and the through trains from all points south are badly delayed.

HAVELOCK WRECKED.

Norwegian Steamer's Crew Rescued in Mid-Ocean.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—The National line steamer, France, Capt. Hadley, which arrived here to-day, reports the rescue during a hurricane on Jan. 13 in latitude 48:38, longitude 5:12, of the seventeen persons on board the wrecked Norwegian bark Havelock. The Havelock was fast breaking up when sighted by the France.

Police Break Up Desperate Gang.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 26.—Jack Barnes and William Wiseman, two of the four negroes who brutally beat and robbed a farmer, Fred Boone, and his wife and Fred Fischer, their hired man, at Florissant, St. Louis county, the night of Jan. 11, were arrested yesterday, and the other two are known to the police. Both men confess their guilt. The police officials have learned enough recently to convince them that these negroes, together with the Murry boys, indicted for the murder of Edgar Fitzwilliams and Charles Williams, believed to be the murderer of Banker McCulloch, and the negroes who held up and shot Farmer Fitzgerald about two weeks ago, are all members of an organized gang who have been terrorizing the county for the last six months.

Freeman Lindsay, 14 years old, broke through the ice and was drowned at Piqua, Ohio.

PAINTER IS HANGED.

CHICAGO MURDERER DIES ON THE GALLOW.

For the Murder of His Mistress George Painter Pays the Death Penalty—He Protests His Innocence on the Scaffold—Executioners Bungled.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27.—The hanging of George H. Painter in the county jail at 8 o'clock this morning culminated in an awful tragedy. When the drop fell the rope broke and the body planged to the floor, twelve feet below. It was hastily carried again to the scaffold, another rope was placed in position and the body was again dropped. Grave doubts exist in the minds of spectators as to whether or not Painter was dead when picked up. Dr. E. C. Fortner, county physician, in an interview, declared that he was dead when he felt for a heart-beat as the body was being prepared for the second drop. On the other hand, after the body had been dropped the second time Dr.



GEORGE PAINTER.

Fortner felt the pulse for four minutes before he pronounced the man dead. The whole horrible scene lasted sixteen minutes, the first drop falling at 7:50, the second at 8:03 1/2. Painter was pronounced dead at 8:07 1/2 and the body was lowered at 8:15.

Painter kept up his courage to the last. He had taken liquor to strengthen him before beginning his march to the scaffold. He walked to the platform without a tremor between Jailer Morris and Assistant Jailer Otto Foltz and was followed by Rev. A. P. Moordyke. His hands were tied behind him, but he had a lighted cigar in his mouth and he looked out over the little crowd of spectators with some show of interest. When everything was ready he asked permission to say a few words and it was granted. Standing on the scaffold, with hardly a moment between him and eternity he said: "Men have sought death because they thought there was advancement in the future life, but to-day I hate death! I don't want to die! I don't want to die! If I killed Alice Martin—the woman I dearly loved, the woman I loved so much that I would almost commit a crime for her—I pray Almighty God, in this, my last minute on earth, to send me to hell and keep me there through all eternity!"

"Look here, gentlemen! If there is one man among you who is an American, I say to you on his soul—on his soul, I say—see that the murderer of Alice Martin is found! Good-by."

The crime for which Painter suffered death was a particularly atrocious one, but it was not alone on that account that the case attracted an extraordinary amount of attention. The son of a Methodist preacher of New York, Painter tried a clerkship in Brooklyn and another in Chicago and then devoted his attention to gambling and to a woman named Alice Martin, who was known for a time as Mrs. Painter, and for the murder of whom he was convicted. They lived together as man and wife up to the night of Sunday, May 17, 1891, when the woman was brutally killed in her own room. Painter has always protested his innocence of this crime, but the evidence was strongly against him. He was the only person seen coming from the room after the crime was committed, and several people testified to hearing him quarreling with the woman earlier in the evening.

George H. Painter was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1855. He learned the trade of a machinist in South Norwalk, Conn., where he lived for seven years. At the age of 21 Painter became a druggist and owned a store at the corner of Broadway and Marguerite street, Brooklyn. He came to Chicago fifteen years ago and, with the exception of one or two brief intervals, has lived in this city since. He worked at his trade in Chicago during part of his residence here.

Painter's father was a Methodist clergyman. He was for seven years president of the New York Methodist conference. Rev. Dr. Painter has been dead for a number of years. Painter's mother is living in South Norwalk, Conn., aged 81 years. She knows nothing about her son's misfortune. Two brothers live in Aurora, Ill.

Paying Depositors in Full.

COLORADO CITY, Colo., Jan. 26.—The J. B. Wheeler bank began paying all depositors in full. It failed last July.

Illinois State Bar Association President.

PEORIA, Ill., Jan. 27.—Ex-Judge Elliott Anthony of Chicago was elected president of the Illinois State Bar association at yesterday's meeting.

Billiard Experts to Meet in Boston.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 27.—Schaefer, Slosson and Ives will play a billiard tournament here Feb. 7, 9 and 10 at Burnstead hall. Each of the three will play two games, which will be for 600 points each at fourteen-inch ball line, with another shot barred.

KISSED BY THE KAISER.

Reconciliation of Bismarck and William Sealed at Berlin.

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—Prince Bismarck, with his son, Count Herbert, and several friends, left Friedrichsruhe at 9:50 o'clock this morning and arrived in Berlin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The great ex-chancellor was welcomed at the station by Prince Henry of Prussia, the emperor's brother, the governor of Berlin and a large suite of officers.

Upon the arrival of the train at the Lehn station in this city Prince Henry stepped out from the group surrounding him and walked to the carriage occupied by the ex-chancellor. He warmly shook hands with Prince Bismarck and Count Herbert. The party then walked to the royal state coach in waiting. Prince Bismarck made Prince Henry walk on the right side and sit on the right side of the carriage, although Prince Henry tried to give Prince Bismarck the place of honor. Count Herbert and the governor of Berlin drove in the second carriage. Prince Bismarck appeared healthy. The cheering and salutations from the crowds that had gathered to witness his entry into the city evidently pleased him very much. He smiled in response to the cries of welcome and saluted the crowd frequently. Most of the houses along the route were decorated with flags. The entire population of Berlin, swelled by thousands of people from all parts of Germany, had apparently turned out to welcome the return of the prince, and the younger element in the crowds cheered themselves hoarse as the state coach passed along.

When the party arrived at the castle Prince Bismarck and Prince Henry descended from the state coach and entered. The emperor's reception of the old statesman was of the warmest and most cordial nature. His majesty embraced the prince with the utmost heartiness, and a kiss pressed on the old man's cheek sealed the reconciliation between the emperor and the greatest of his subjects. Prince Bismarck's gravity of demeanor during his reception by his majesty was much commented upon.

After leaving the Empress Frederick's palace the people, who were densely massed in the vicinity, broke through the police lines and tried to unhitch the horses harnessed to the prince's carriage. They wanted themselves to draw him back to the castle. The police, however, prevailed upon them to forego their intention. The crowd was so thick that it was impossible for the horses to go faster than a slow walk, and as the carriage moved along the crowd surged forward with it, everybody joining in singing patriotic songs.

DOINGS AT DES MOINES.

Prohibition the Foremost Question Now Before the Legislature.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 26.—Democratic members of the senate and house held a secret caucus yesterday, before the session began, to consider the course to be taken by them with reference to the liquor law, but no action was taken.

In the senate Mr. Perrin presented a joint resolution calling for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution to popular vote.

Mr. Griswold introduced bills appropriating \$20,000 for the hospital for the insane at Independence and to appropriate \$10,000 for an additional building at the Independence hospital for insane.

Other bills were presented authorizing second-class cities of 5,000 population to levy a tax for a paving fund; providing for the construction of highways; to prevent and punish fraudulent sales by itinerant vendors; regulating private banks; to amend election law; providing for the payment of delinquent taxes by lien holders; extending the jurisdiction of justices' civil cases; establishing a uniform system of signals in mines; to prohibit the sale or giving of tobacco to minors under 16 years of age.

ALL THE EVIDENCE IN.

But One-Third of the State Witnesses in the Hart Case Called.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 27.—State's Attorney Frost sprung a surprise in the Hart murder trial in the middle of the afternoon yesterday by announcing that the state had presented its case. Fifty-three witnesses had been summoned, and up to the morning but fifteen had been examined. The state's attorney said he thought the facts had all been established, and that he could afford to stop. Judge Shaw adjourned court until Monday. The evidence yesterday was simply a repetition of the story of the crime and Hart's capture. The witnesses were pushed through all the more rapidly because the defense is not contesting the point that Hart committed the deed. The most significant evidence of the day was that of Henry Sperring, the barber who was shaving Hart when he was arrested, and Officer Erickson, the policeman who made the arrest. Both testified that Hart told the officer his name was Wilson and that he resided in Chicago.

Nothing Not Yet in Jail.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 26.—Banker Koetting, who was sentenced Thursday night to five years' imprisonment for wrecking the South Side Savings bank, may not go to state prison as soon as expected, if at all. Before the week is up application will be made to the Supreme court to release Koetting on bail pending a decision on his application for a new trial. Mr. May said that the application for a new trial will be based on the same grounds that a new trial was asked for of Judge Clementson Thursday night.

DECEYED TO DANGER



What did you say?" asked the colonel of the shepherd, a Mexican, who had just come in. "Indians, sir, in the plain—A-pache!"

"Nonsense!" was the reply, mingled with some stronger terms, but the man stuck to his text, and offered to show the colonel and his companions the Indians. He seemed very anxious I thought.

Among us at the time were Ben Moller, and his sister, her friend, a Miss Nevil, and two other men named Radcliffe and Mitchell. The colonel was my partner in the rancho (ranch). Bowler was his name—mine doesn't matter.

"Indians!" exclaimed Miss Moller; "surely they won't come here!"

"Indians is queer cusses. But you may depend when they do come they won't give us much notice. Let us ride up and see."

In the course of a few minutes we all rode out into the plain. On we went until road gave way to path and path to desert track and this to desert—a world of grass, with here and there a tree. Beyond a pond of water, called by the natives estanque, near which the herds of sheep and goats were gathered. Out on the plain was a moving mass, which the dark shepherd called Indians.

"Why, it's buffalo!" cried my partner. "Hurray, hurrah!"

"You must ride back, ladies," I said; "this chase will be a long one. Radcliffe will escort you, perhaps."

"Oh, no; we can take care of ourselves. We are armed and can shoot if necessary," replied Miss Moller. "Come on, Violet; let these hunters go their own way. Manuel (the shepherd) will accompany us."

So we parted. We all had pistols, and two of us carried rifles as well. Mine was hung by my saddle, but we did not anticipate any attack. The shepherd had turned back with the ladies. I did not altogether trust him, and mentioned my suspicions to the colonel.

"Oh, he can't hurt; they'll soon settle him," was my friend's reply; "he's a hillman certainly, and I'm not sure that he's over-honest, but he can't hurt the rancho."

We saw the ladies picking their way along the brown prairie, for the paths are many and puzzling; then we started full gallop on the trail of the buffaloes, which had stampeded toward the hilly country. We rushed on pell-mell, in no order, until we



A REMARKABLE TABLEAU.

reached the summit of a rising ground, when we perceived the herd—a few only, attended by two splendid bulls; one of these standing sentry, as is the habit of the buffalo to do.

He knew our object and perhaps in some rough, bullish way guessed that he would be the first victim. He gave the alarm and away fled the herd lumbering along in front of him. We dashed down the slope and scattered. To my surprise the sentinel bull, instead of running with the remainder, made a detour, which, if he continued in his course, would bring his pursuer back by a wide circle to our ranch again.

This fellow attracted me, so I quitted the line and went after him, believing that my mustang would soon overtake him, for buffaloes are not rapid runners. But to my astonishment, Pedro, my horse, showed signs of fatigue, and I perceived that some time must elapse before I could overtake the bull. My Winchester rifle was now across my saddle; the buffalo headed for home, a most unusual course, and I could not imagine what instinct guided the animal to rush in a direction opposite to his comrades and toward our rancho.

But I pressed on, getting nearer and nearer. By this time the ladies must be safe at home, I thought, and they will be rather surprised to see me hunting a buffalo close up to the station. They could thus witness the denouement and my prowess, for I was not altogether insensible to Miss Moller's charms and glad to display my unerring aim and my skill in hunting.

Now was my chance! True, I could not see the house, but if I wished to kill my buffalo now was my time. I fired, and to my astonishment, missed! Missed! Yes! The bullet went flying on its mission. Little did I imagine what that mission was.

Once again I fired, stopping my mustang in order to take a steadier aim. The buffalo swerved; the bullet struck a tree and in another moment I heard a loud cry. The animal could not have uttered the sound. It was more like a human voice. Had I shot any one?

Suddenly a horror came over me.

Had my random bullet struck one of the ladies? Had I killed or wounded Miss Moller or her friend? Was it possible?

In my anxiety I spurred poor Pedro and was intent on dispatching the buffalo, when two pistol shots rang out from the direction of our rancho. One lucky shot; the bull fell; another in the heart; my victory stood complete! But my joy was very quickly tempered with alarm, when I heard a savage yell, which I could not mistake.

Great powers! Indians at the rancho! And the ladies—

My heart leaped to my throat. Hastily loading all the chambers of my Winchester, I spurred my steed for home. The house was not far distant and in a few minutes I came within view.

The door stood open. In front were six Apaches, held in check at thirty paces distant by a woman and a servant—a youth—both of whom were armed and actually defying the Indians for the moment.

Why they had opened the door I could not understand. It would not easily have been found, and the windows were handier for the assailants. Yet here they were, standing irresolute. There was no time to be lost. My approach was almost unheeded as I emerged from the cover of the wood around the house. One glance was sufficient.

Halloing, I fired all the chambers of my rifle in quick succession. An answering fire came from the hall. Four Indians dropped; the others fled at once, after discharging a volley of arrows at the defenders, who avoided them by promptly lying down as soon as they saw the bows drawn.

My astonishment was extreme when in the defenders of our house I recognized Miss Moller and a shepherd—the young stranger who had informed us of the neighborhood of Indians. In a few moments I was in possession of the facts, but Miss Nevil was missing and Miss Moller was in the greatest distress concerning her. It appeared that the dark-skinned new shepherd had carried her away into the wood, and the servants who now began to assemble gave evidence that he had actually done so.

As we were discussing the chances, the other members of our party, alarmed by the reports of firearms, had come up. A search was at once instituted. The cry which I had heard while chasing the buffalo was still ringing in my ears. We hurried into the wood, or scrub, and after a search were rewarded by hearing a faint cry for help. We searched in the direction of the sound, and a most remarkable tableau met our gaze. On the ground lay the dark-skinned shepherd dead, his body pierced by a bullet from my Winchester. Standing beside him was an Indian pony, and strapped to the body by a belt—or rather hung—Miss Nevil, quite unable to move and but half sensible.

A few moments sufficed to relieve her from her perilous position. She started up as how the upper lip league with the Apaches, had attempted to plunder our house and carry her off. The buffaloes were only a decoy, driven in by some of the tribe, while others plundered us. The traitor shepherd had attempted to carry off Miss Nevil, but the first shot which I had fired struck him and put an end to his career. My second bullet had glanced away, fortunately, perhaps; but Miss Nevil's scream of terror had guided me to the house.

I need hardly say that the rescue was entirely due to the course adopted by the bull, and we were very grateful for his share in the business. But, alas for sentiment! we needed beef, and many an excellent meal was made from what Radcliffe ever afterward termed "that blessed buffalo."—Saturday Post.

Why She Shook Him.

"I'll never, never speak to him again!" she exclaimed. "Never in this wide, wide world!"

"Why, Clara, he adores you!"

"Perhaps he does, but he has no appreciation, no judgment, no idea of the fitness of things. Why, the other night when he called I put on that now gown I have just had made."

"Yes, what of it?"

"What of it? You know what a beautiful and artistic creation it is!"

"Yes, indeed."

"And how perfectly it fits?"

"Yes."

"Well, I asked him how I looked and he said I looked like an angel. Why, I could have cried for mortification, and my dressmaker was nearly heart-broken. She felt it keenly. 'Such a reflection on her work, you know.'"

A Dandelion.

"What is this?"

"A young man of the period. Is he not a work of art?"

"He is indeed."

"Is he engaged?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"To a young woman of the period who loves him deeply."

"And when are they to be married?"

"Never."

"Never! And why not?"

"She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him."

"O!"—Harper's Bazar.

The Oak of Brittany.

In the ground surrounding the abbey of Yveton, Brittany, there once flourished an oak which is said to have sprouted from the staff of St. Martin. This miraculous sprout was transplanted by the saint and is said to have almost instantly become a full-grown tree, furnishing shade for a praying band of almost a score of women the next day after it was transplanted.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT GOSSIP AMONG THE DAMES OF FASHION.

A Girl's Dress of Surah—Some Stylish Costumes for Street Wear—The Frolics of Fashion in Midwinter—The Spotted Veil.

The Spotted Veil.

There are plenty of fads and follies nowadays," remarked an eminent physician in a recent discourse on the care of the health; "and no lack of people to take them up and run after them. Many of them are amusing and harmless, but some are so deadly in their effects that those who realize the mischief they do can scarcely keep silent. Especially is this the case when a mere caprice may result in the ruin of the eyes or, if not that, then permanent injury to the sight."

The present fancy for spotted veils is making the oculists rich. Scores of women who have never had the least trouble with their eyes are finding it necessary to take regular treatment and are obliged to give up certain sorts of work and curtail their hours for reading and study. And the most remarkable part of all the trouble is that, after they are warned, they keep right on just as steadily as though no hint of the injurious effect of the practice had ever been given them.

"I am growing rather impatient with mature women—those who should know better. Indeed, they do know better. But women have in some way gotten the idea that the large-dotted veil is becoming, and being fashionable, it has gotten a foothold that nothing seems able to interfere with. But young women and girls, who are unaware of the trouble they are making for themselves, should be warned and counseled and, if possible, taught



A GIRL'S SURAH.

to care for their eyesight, and preserve it, as in most cases it can be preserved, to old age. It is only after one has suffered the inconvenience of defective vision that there comes a realizing sense of the value of good sight. Especially should the harmfulness of reading with the eyes covered by a spotted veil be impressed upon women who care to keep their eyesight unimpaired. Hundreds of women and girls habitually take paper or book and read on trains or street cars, with these eye-destroying black spots continually dancing between their eyes and the page. Very often the reader is forced to stop, rub her eyes and rest a moment or shake her head, as though to clear away some obstruction. This is an infallible indication of strained muscles, and should never be passed by unheeded. There are ills enough in the world that are unavoidable, and sensible people will scarcely be willing deliberately to continue a practice that means only pains and anxiety and possibly a helpless and dependent old age."

Stylish Costume.

Street costume of magenta and black. The jacket is ornamented with double revers, the first being of magenta cloth, the second, and smaller, revers



A STYLISH COSTUME.

being of black satin; sleeve puffs and vest of black velvet; a large black velvet button fastens the jacket in front.

Girl's Dress of Surah.

Plain skirt with trimming either with rows of narrow braid or of striped

material having a similar effect. A draped apron front falls from the belt made of the striped material and trimmed with rosettes. The blouse waist and sleeves are of the usual type, the collar and cuffs being of the stripe. This is an excellent model for a home dress for girls.

Costume for Street Wear.

Promenade costume of gray wool, combined with black satin; the underskirt, waist and sleeve puffs being of the satin, and the upper skirt, deep



FOR STREET WEAR.

collar and lower half of sleeves of the gray wool. Yoke of gray bengaline, outlined with narrow rows of jet. The trimming consists of two rows of black braiding on skirt, collar and cuffs.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

A Protest Against the Wanton Destruction of the Feathered Tribe.

An American dealer sold last year 2,000,000 bird skins. All were used for ornamenting woman's attire. Women ought to cry down this vanity that feeds and pampers the destruction of the feathered tribes. The birds sacrificed are, of course, those of the richest plumage, and, of course, also, those that will be least easily replaced. In fact, if this thing continues, American bird life of the gentler order will pretty soon become extinct. Is not the warfarer the American humane society has opened upon the bird-skin traffic wholly justifiable? We think so. The destruction referred to contributes not one whit to human need or human comfort. It adds nothing to the intellectual, nothing to the mental. It is simply wantonness practiced at the beck of fashion, and as silly and meaningless a fashion, too, as ever was spawned from the brain of a man milliner. There are birds in plenty that shed their plumage, to supply the vain demand for flaming head gear. Why should the fashion monarchs be inexorable, and also demand the bodies of our feathered songsters?

Mysterious Growth of the Mushroom.

One of the popular mysteries of fungoid vegetable growths is the development of the mushroom. Question the average farmer on this point and he will tell you that "mushrooms never have seeds," and that they "spring up in a single night." The "spring up" part is all right as far as the fungoid growth is concerned, but as a matter of fact the mushroom lies for days, and in dry times for weeks, just under the surface fully developed, waiting for a warm, damp night in order to properly make his debut in open air. Then, too, they have seeds (spores), and not a few of them either, some species exhibiting as many as 10,000,000 in a single agaric, which develops on the underside of the fungus.

A Bigamist at Eighteen.

It is seldom that the courts are called upon to prosecute a girl scarcely 18 years old for the serious crime of bigamy, yet this is what was done at Ballston, N. Y., recently, and the evidence was so conclusive that the accused was convicted and sent to prison. Nellie Duclos of Saratoga Springs, had a mania for marrying, and although she is but 18 years of age, she has three husbands living. She was arraigned in the court of sessions on an indictment charging her with bigamy, in having married William Lawler of Albany and Frank Clough of Asbury Park, while her first husband, Charles Duclos of Saratoga, is living. She pleaded guilty.

Two Heads With But a Single Ramp.

A conductor on a Denver and Rio Grande train was thrusting his head out to catch a signal when he bumped heads with the conductor of another train which was standing on a siding. The other conductor also was leaning out to catch a signal. Both men were knocked senseless. The accident seems to be the first of its kind in the history of railroading. Heads are often smashed against bridges, other cars, etc., but the evil spirit of the railroad business must have been particularly malignant when he put up a job to have two heads smashed together.

saved by a Baby Incubator.

Dr. C. C. Bippus of Allegheny, was called to attend a woman who had fallen downstairs. The shock caused her to give birth to a 6-months' child. The doctor thought the child dead, wrapped it in paper and took it to his office, intending to have it buried. At his office Dr. Bippus detected life in the little body. He quickly rigged up an incubator, which he warmed by bottles of hot water. He put the baby in it and nourished it by injections of scrapings from raw beef. The youngster gradually grew stronger during the over four months of its captivity, and the other day Dr. Bippus took it out and surprised the mother, who had thought it dead, by restoring it to her.

Lawyers in Trade.

"Do you know," asked one of your nose-for-news men of the writer, "that many lawyers are engaging in other business in addition to their profession?" There was a time when a lawyer would think it a tarnish on his profession if he did anything else. But it is not so any more in this city. I know one lawyer who has an interest in a meat market, and I know a judge of the supreme court who is the owner of a barber shop. He bought the place one day before he was on the bench as an investment, and it pays so well that he is holding on to it.

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FORGOT ABOUT SHOES.

Young Love Fixes Plans to Go House-keeping, and All Is Well.

"Youth is so sweetly simple, and love is greater than all the wide, wide world."

What are the prosaic things of life to two young hearts when they throb in unison? Nothing. And nothing is a great snap. For is nothing also what they have to go on? And do they not go? Well, we should smile! He had loved her, oh! so tenderly, for as much as a year. And she had loved him always, always.

He was 21 and she 18, and he had \$10 per week. Great heavens, how they did love!

"Precious darling," he murmured, one evening as the pale moon hung its golden crescent in the blue, blue sky, "let us fly!"

The dear, silly angels thought they had wings.

"Where to, Algie?" she whispered eagerly, forgetful of her syntax, or prosody or whatever it is that governs a final proposition.

"Where we may be made one, darling," he said ecstatically.

"But, Algie," she hesitated, "we have no money, have we?"

"Darling," he whispered, I have \$10 a week!"

"Oh! Algie," she whispered, "forgive me for doubting you. That will give us theater tickets twice a week, soda water and candy, won't it, and what more could heart wish?"

"Precious darling!" he exclaimed, kissing her rapturously.

And so they were married.

Pelagic sealing.

The word "pelagic" means "of or pertaining to the sea." The usual method of taking seals has been to kill them when on shore, so that only those most valuable for their fur should be slaughtered. Seal pouches in the Behring sea have shot the animals while swimming, claiming they had a right to do so if beyond the three-mile limit from shore.

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GRAY HAIR ON WHISKERS restored to natural color by using J. A. N. MEXICAN HAIR RESTORATIVE. It removes all dandruff, stops hair from falling out, and cures all diseases of the scalp. It is the only hair restorative that is absolutely harmless. Money refunded if it does not do every thing claimed for it. Sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Full information free. Agents: ALLEN & CO., 312 West Dearborn Building, Chicago, Ill.

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BETWEEN WORLDS.

He holds them safe within His Heaven,
Friendships by death transported there.
Why should the purest feeling given
Die out upon its native air?

Friend after friend, like flower on flower,
He takes; the Heavenly Gardener knows
When rounds the bright consummate hour
For which each plant of being grows.

This, lifted in its sturdy pride,
That, sorely bent by storm and sun—
Are they not planted side by side,
When souls that meet in Him are one?

Oh! paint me not a world wherein
Memory shall play no blissful part!
Blight out life's curse of woe and sin,
But leave the power of heart on heart.

Too strange and cold the faith that spares
No mortal tie to souls set free;
Love a divine instinct shares,
And feels them close who dwell with Thee.

—Charlotte M. Packard, in S. S. Times



BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

It was close upon nine when he set out. I had no idea how long he might be, but I sat stolidly puffing at my pipe and skipping over the pages of Henri Murger's "Vie de Bohème." Ten o'clock passed, and I heard the foot-steps of the maids as they pattered off to bed. Eleven and the more stately tread of the landlady passed my door, bound for the same destination. It was close upon twelve before I heard the sharp sound of his latch-key. The instant he entered I saw by his face that he had not been successful. Amusement and chagrin seemed to be struggling for the mastery, until the former suddenly carried the day, and he burst into a hearty laugh.

"I wouldn't have the Scotland Yarders know it for the world," he cried, dropping into his chair; "I have chaffed them so much that they would never have let me hear the end of it. I can afford to laugh, because I know that I will be even with them in the long run."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't mind telling a story against myself. That creature had gone a little way when she began to limp and show every sign of being foot-sore. Presently she came to a halt, and hailed a four-wheeler which was passing. I managed to be close enough to her to hear the address, but I need not have been so anxious, for she sang it out loud enough to be heard at the other side of the street. 'Drive to 13 Duncan street, Houndsditch,' she cried. This begins to look genuine, I cried, and having seen her safely inside, I perched myself behind. That's an art which every detective should be an expert at. Well, away we rattled, and never drew a rein until we reached the street in question. I hopped off before we came to the door, and strolled down the street in a leisurely way. I saw the cab pull up. The driver jumped down, and I saw him open the door and stand expectantly. Nothing came out, though. When I reached him he was groping about frantically in the empty cab, and giving vent to the finest assorted collection of oaths that ever I listened to. There was no sign or trace of his passenger, and I felt it will be some time before he gets his fare. On inquiring at No. 13 I found that the house belonged to a respectable paper-hanger, named Keswick, and that no one of the name either of Sawyer or Dennis had ever been heard of there."

"You don't mean to say," I cried, in amazement, "that that tottering, feeble old woman was able to get out of the cab while it was in motion, without either you or the driver seeing her?"

"Old woman be d—d!" said Sherlock Holmes, sharply. "We were the old woman to be so taken in. It must have been a young man, and an active one, too, besides being an incomparable actor. The get-up was inimitable. He saw that he was followed, no doubt, and used this means of giving me the slip. It shows that the man we are after is not as lonely as I imagined he was, but has friends who are ready to risk something for him. Now, doctor, you are looking done-up. Take my advice and turn in."

I was certainly feeling very weary, so I obeyed his injunction. I left Holmes seated in front of the smoldering fire, and long into the watches of the night I heard the low, melancholy wailings of his violin, and knew that he was still pondering over the strange problem which he had set himself to unravel.

CHAPTER VI.

Tobias Gregson shows what he can do. The papers next day were full of the "Brixton mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition. There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them:

The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features. The German name of the victim, the absence of all other motive, and the sinister inscription on the wall, all pointed to its perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists. The socialists had many branches in America, and the deceased had no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and been tracked down by them. After alluding airily to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofana, Carbonari, the Marchioness du Brinville, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Rattcliff highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a liberal administration. They arose from the

unsettling of the minds of the masses, and the consequent weakening of all authority. The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding-house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell. He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The two had adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platform. Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebber's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston. How he came there or how he met his fate are questions which are still involved in mystery. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stangerson. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of liberalism which animated the continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all that they had undergone. Among these men there was a stringent code of honor, any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded—a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that whatever happened Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score,"

"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught it will be on account of their exertions; if he



"HAVE YOU FOUND IT, WIGGINS?"

escapes it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win and tails you lose. Whatever they do they will have followers. 'Un sot truve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.'"

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust upon the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker street division of the detective police force," said my companion gravely; and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most rugged street-arms that ever I glimpsed eyes on.

"Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone, and the six dirty little scoundrels stood in a line like so many statues. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official-looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization."

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Hullo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road with beatitude written upon every feature of his face. Bound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping. There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-haired detective came up the stairs, three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, wringing Holmes' unresponsive hand, "congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day."

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key."

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in her majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously, rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

"The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes gravely. "Let us hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the arm-chair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughed until he choked.

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American's antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered, or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes; "by John Underwood & Sons, 129 Camberwell road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice; "you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebber, residing at Charpentier's boarding establishment, Torquay terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart—very smart!" murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Mme. Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too—an uncommonly fine girl she is, too; she was looking red about the eyes and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when you come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. 'Have you heard of the mysterious death of your boarder, Mr. Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland?' I asked."

"The mother nodded. She didn't seem able to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter."

"At what o'clock did Mr. Drebber leave your house for the train?" I asked.

"At eight o'clock," she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. "His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first."

"And was that the last which you saw of him?"

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes,' and when it did come out it was in a husky, unnatural tone."

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice:

"No good can ever come of falsehood, mother," she said. "Let us be frank with this gentleman. We did see Mr. Drebber again."

"God forgive you!" cried Mme. Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in her chair. "You have murdered your brother!"

"Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth," the girl answered firmly.

"You had best tell me all about it now," I said. "Half-confidences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it."

"On your head be it, Alice!" cried her mother; and then, turning to me: "I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine

that my agitation on behalf of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would all forbid it."

"Your best way is to make a clean breast of the facts," I answered. "Depend upon it, if your son is innocent he will be none the worse."

"Perhaps, Alice, you had better leave us together," she said, and her daughter withdrew. "Now, sir," she continued, "I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to



"PERHAPS, ALICE, YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE US TOGETHER."

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